

DAVIS' ANTHOLOGY
OF NEWSPAPER VERSE
FOR 1934
By
ATHIE SALE DAVIS

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DAVIS' ANTHOLOGY
OF
NEWSPAPER VERSE

For 1934



An Annual Barometer of the Sentiment
of the American People



Sixteenth Annual Edition



Illustrated



Edited by
ATHIE SALE DAVIS



ENID, OKLAHOMA
ATHIE SALE DAVIS, *Publisher*
MCMXXXV

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By ATHIE SALE DAVIS

FOREWORD

In this sixteenth annual volume of Davis' Anthology of Newspaper Verse, as in former years, I have followed the original plan of giving special consideration to such topics as appeared of most interest to the people generally.

A study of Newspaper Verse indicates that the American people re-act to current events and economic conditions and that their poetry is the spontaneous expression of their reaction and emotion.

This year, as in the two previous years, there were poems on the depression, although this verse appeared in a lighter vein and rather more retrospective.

By far the greatest number of the poems were of a religious nature, the hearts of the people reaching out for the richer things of life and expressing their faith in verse.

I am very grateful to the editors and columnists who so graciously assisted me by sending material from their papers, and to the many poet friends who have helped so materially. In all, I have received and read over four thousand poems, and my faith in our American press poets has increased accordingly.

ATHIE SALE DAVIS.

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GODS

The thoughtless preach
That man's a worm.
He is Divine
When he doth turn
From sordid things,
Standing erect
Like spiritual kings,
Ennobled and sublime.

Edwin Gordon Lawrence.

The Athol (Mass.) Transcript.

KINGS

'Tis said,
The day of kings
Is past.
'Tis true, of temporal kings.
But men
Who wear their crowns
Upon stout hearts
And sit in majesty
On spiritual thrones,
Are reigning now, as ever.

Edwin Gordon Lawrence.

The Athol (Mass.) Transcript.

THE SHEPHERD

O Wind, drive home your curd-white sheep,
For the gray wolf's stealing across the hill;
All day they browsed on the sunny steep,
And the gray wolf waited, invisible.

O Wind, be swift, for the snow-fleeced lambs
Are heedless and all undisciplined;
See how they stray from their tremulous dams;
Send them scurrying home, O Wind.

The Berkeley (Calif.) Courier. Mary Virginia Provinces.
"The Poetic Viewpoint." December 8, 1934.

POET'S ALCHEMY

With music they have liberated sorrow.
Of pain and anguish they have made a song,
Listening to singing birds to borrow
Their melodies to make life sanely strong.
They have met disaster with brave laughter;
Made lyrical replies unto despair.
A sonnet sequence they have given after
Defeat has proffered them its cup to share.
Cynicism they have met with wonder
At beauty foolishly misunderstood.
Music in their souls has been a thunder
Of powerful applause in solitude.
Transmuting grief to joy their portion is—
The wealth of all the golden verities.

The Berkeley (Calif.) Courier. *Eve Brazier.*
"The Poetic Viewpoint." June 9, 1934.

YOUNG ANALYST

My baby grand-daughter's fingers
Wander over my face,
Over and over,
As if to impress upon her memory
The lineaments of love
That bend above her.

The Berkeley (Calif.) Courier. *Louise E. Barber.*
"The Poetic Viewpoint." October 13, 1934.

REQUEST FOR A LETTER

Oh, tell me if snow-tightened soil
Stretches to the touch of sun;
Do armoured rivers leap and swirl
Now spring admits their penance done;
Do pale new lizards split the shell
Of darkness, flick their tongues and run?

What of our lake-trail? Is it clotted
And meshed with leaves and with fallen wood

That the cold has killed and the rain has rotted
So ants and grubs may have rich food?
Are there young rabbits and faintly spotted
Fawns, and the quail's inquiring brood?

Oh, speak of the petulant, wild weather,
Where gusty battles of cloud are fought;
Tell of the free, wind-lifted feather;
Of the leaping hare that will not be caught;
Is April a hawk on a braided tether?
Is Spring your mistress? Or is she not?

The Berkeley (Calif.) Courier. Winifred Gray Stewart.
"The Poetic Viewpoint." August 11, 1934.

GONE

The point was settled;
The year went out.
Just minds, revolving, found lost days,
And then the minds went out.
But little words upon a page told of that year—
That lost year fading ever backwards,
Taking with it its culling of fragmentary lives . . .
And some of those remained upon a page . . .
And some . . . went out . . . forever.

Mabel Ainsworth Mays.

The Berkeley (Calif.) Courier.
"The Poetic Viewpoint." September 15, 1934.

CLIFF CYPRESS

Out of the rock the tree won sinew and bone;
Because of wind it pushed against the sky;
Having no soil it split the aged stone,
And bent its spine to lift a leaf on high.

Frustate of form it strove with twisted span
To bring its prophecy of life to be . . .
But from distortion of the perfect plan
Another, fiercer beauty crowns the tree.

The Berkeley (Calif.) Courier. Dora Hagemeyer.
"The Poetic Viewpoint." June 30, 1934.

HEN VERSUS EAGLE

(THE "BLUE EAGLE")

If I were prone to criticise
That very noble enterprise
Succinctly known as NRA,
Then this is what I'd have to say:

The emblem is not apropos
Of nostrums for industrial woe—
The eagle bent on lofty flight,
Has naught to do with human plight.

It seems to me the common hen—
That has to scratch along with men—
Would better serve to represent
This wonderful experiment.

Though words of direful prophesy
On eggs test our credulity,
An emblematic hen would lay
Eggs plainly branded NRA!

The Birmingham (Ala.) News. William R. Rockett.
January 13, 1934.

O FREEDOM IS A HOLY THING

ST. PATRICK'S DAY, 1934

I'm stepping out for Dublin town
Long banished o'er the sea.
There's not a Hanoverian
May stay the step o' me.
The Gaelic weaves its ancient spell;
Ould Ireland's green today
And Ellen's eyes they smile on me
Ten thousand miles away.
I'm stepping out for Dublin town
And stepping out to stay.

And oh, the dear, dear Irish hills
A-dripping shine and song—
They say the fairies have come back—
They never wrought us wrong.

I'll wave to Biddy with her geese;
Hail Paddy bent and gray—
The Irish lanes are flowery lanes
Without a tear today.
I'm stepping out for Dublin town
And stepping out to stay.

O freedom is a holy thing;
Sweet peace to me and you!
The shamrock's springing green again
Bedrenched with heavenly dew.
Then here's to every sea and shore
Where beams the holy ray;
Glad hand to Scotland's patriots
Who wage the ancient fray.
I'm stepping out for Dublin town
And stepping out to stay.

Flora Cameron Burr.

The Bottineau (No. Dak.) Courant.

MAKE BELIEVE YOU'RE HAPPY

Just make believe you're happy
When everything goes wrong;
The world is always better
For a sunbeam or a song;
And tho' the winds are turbulent
And all the skies are gray,
Yet happiness will follow
As the dawn brings day!

Just make believe you're happy!
A glad good heart has power
To banish present evils
And make the future flower!
So smile instead of frowning,
Wherever you may go,
And the joy that has eluded
To reality will grow!

Pretend that you are happy
And the stinging loss you feel

Will day by day grow dimmer
And the aching wound will heal;
Till by and by, forgetting,
Your object you'll achieve,
And the joy you hoped will find you
By the way of make-believe!

The Brattleboro (Vt.) Reformer. Arthur Goodenough.

WHEN RAIN CAME DOWN

When rain came down—
With singing as it reached the parched ground
And closed great fissures in the earth around—
The rain came down.

Dry trees spread out their leaves to catch the rain
That they—so long—had waited for in vain.
And flowerets gladly bent each graceful head:
“It is the rain, the blessed rain,” they said.

And birds began to sing—after long days
Of wearied silence—happy songs of praise.

While sorry cattle drank with copious haste
As if in fear there was no time to waste.

And earth’s sad miserere ceased that day.
With grateful hearts now Gloria all say,
As rain pours down.

*The Buffalo (N. Y.) News.
June 16, 1934.*

Phoebe A. Naylor.

YUCCA

The stolid hills impassive lay
In silent stillness, day on day.
Their bosoms dull and brown and bare,
They watched the sky with empty stare.
Before the wonder of the dawn
Until the sunset glow was gone,

Inarticulate and dumb
They saw the seasons go and come,
Until at last within their breast
Live poems rose; and slope and crest
Mutely lifted lyric cries
Of pale-gold blossoms to the skies.

The Carmel (Calif.) Pine Cone. Bernice Carey Fitch.
October 19, 1934.

A MOUNTAIN LAD WON MY LASSIE

Oh, he was a lad from the mountains,
His heart knew the magic of dreams.
He lived with the intimate knowledge
Of trees and of chattering streams.

He knew the shy way of a chipmunk,
How spiders embroidered their lace.
The stars and the wind and the water
Had written allure on his face.

He came one bright day for my lassie,
Enchantment lay deep in her eyes.
Today they dwell high on his mountain
In a cabin that touches the skies.

The Charleston (S. C.) Post. Ina Draper DeFoe.
“Choir Practice.”

DISCOVERY

I somehow thought my grief had fled
Until I sought her empty room
And in the quiet; silver gloom
Viewed on the pillow on her bed,
The faint impression where her head
Had lain, in its last lingering sleep,
And suddenly I weep . . . I weep!
And long for her . . . and she is dead.

The Charleston (S. C.) Post. Mary Pollard Tynes.
“Choir Practice.” August 28, 1934.

FRATERNITY

Now, uninsulting, I take your hand,
With suffering eyes look into yours;
My heart, grown older, can understand
All that your heart endures.

Still, with you, I can sound the lute,
Who have touched the low though the high note sings.
I, too, have eaten of dead sea fruit
And tasted the dust of things.

No one beneath me, I touch the floor
Of the world, and now is the soil my mother.
Spent, we are free! Are free before
Life could cut brother from brother.

The Charleston (S. C.) Post. *Benjamin Musser.*
"Choir Practice." February 9, 1934.

KALEIDOSCOPE

Creamy clouds in a soft blue sky,
Tea-rose fragrance drifting by,
Lilting notes of a bird's blithe song,
Child's warm love, eager and strong,
Sacrosanct together . . .

Sky glooms dark in angry glower,
Roses scatter in wind and shower,
Hushed birds hide in chilled dismay,
Boy grown tall goes away,
Mother's life aweather . . .

Garden abloom in later years,
No more moping, no more tears,
Children clamber in madcap poses,
Grandma saunters among the roses . . .
All are gay together.

The Charleston (S. C.) Post. *Harriet Olds Henderson.*
"Choir Practice." April 13, 1934.

NIGHT AND DAY

The King was in his jewel room,
He did not close the door.
He took the bag of suncloth down.
I watched and saw him pour
Long rows of fire opals out
Along the golden floor.

He folded up the suncloth bag
And laid it out of sight
And threw a scarf of gauze across
The gems. And it was night.

Upon a silken fold he placed
A single pearl of pink.
And near, he laid an emerald.
I saw one ruby wink.
He scattered diamonds, hundreds more
Than I could count or think.

He flung them all so lavishly!
I thought that I would keep
A watch to guard them for the King.
But then I fell asleep.

I heard he left them many hours
Unguarded, lying there,
And when the passers stopped to gaze
He took no anxious care.
They say the riches of the King
Were for all men to share.

But when I woke, the diamonds had
Again been locked away,
The opals, stored in the suncloth bag
Once more. And it was day.

*The Charleston (S. C.) Post. Ruth Evelyn Henderson.
"Choir Practice." September 14, 1934.*

WILD MUSTARD

Your garden, sweet maiden, was carefully planned,
But Dame Nature knows best what man needs.

While you tend the flowers,
I cherish the hours
I spend with your gay, little weeds.

*The Charleston (S. C.) Post.
"Choir Practice." May 6, 1934.*

Hanan Heath.

PRAYER FOR AMNESIA

O God, erase from memory the tide
Of faces which I meet each day; the side
Of life they show is more than I can stand.
Dour Tragedy is seen on every hand
Accompanied by stark Despair and Grief,
Licentiousness and empty Pride. O thief
Of Happiness, I wonder what you are,
And why you work so avidly to bar
Each countenance with lines of mental pain.
Will you not hold your efforts till the strain
Is lifted or abates, that for a span
Of time, however short, the race of Man
May know relief from Sorrow and Distress?
God, rid my mind of visions which oppress.

*The Charleston (S. C.) Post. Helen Miller Lehman.
"Choir Practice."*

WORDS

Sharp-edged words stab through my soul,
Cut me keenly as a knife;
Why are words, with power to heal,
Used to add more pain to life?

Josephine Aldrich Harriss.

*The Charleston (S. C.) Post.
"Choir Practice." May 11, 1934.*

CROSS MY PALM

"Cross my palm with silver coins," a black-eyed gypsy said,
"And you will find a flaming hearth, and lips of cherry-red."

I crossed her palm with silver coins, as I went lazing down

A winding path, across a hill, that leads to Camden Town.

"Faith, you'll meet young Elinor,"
The black-eyed gypsy said,
"And she could stand before the king
But waits for you instead.
The king will send his dappled mare,
And satins such as ladies wear,
But it is written she will wait
A wandering man, beside a gate."

Faith, I met young Elinor, as I went lazing down
The winding path, across the hill, that leads to Camden Town.

Her eyes were green; her hair was black;
Her lips were cherry-red;
"The king will send his dappled mare,
And satins, too," I said;
"And what have I to do with days
That call for fires and homing ways?
O, you shall charm a king, my dear,
And I will wander far from here."

A harvest moon had waxed and waned; an autumn chill fell down,

As I went back along the path that leads to Camden Town.

"Cross my palm with silver coins," the black-eyed gypsy said,
"And you will find a flaming hearth, and lips of cherry-red."

"I crossed your palm with silver coins, as I went lazing down

The winding path, across the hill, that leads to Camden Town.

But I shall cross your palm again, if you will tell me,
fair,
Does she stand before the king, and ride the dappled
mare?"'

"Cross my palm with silver coins," the black-eyed
gypsy said,
"And look for one beside the gate whose lips are
cherry red;
O, she could stand before the king, but waits for you,
instead."

Faith, I met young Elinor as I went hastening down
The winding path, across the hill, that leads to Cam-
den Town.

Her eyes were green; her hair was black;
Her lips were cherry-red;
"I think you passed this way before,"
Was all the lady said.
She sat upon a dappled mare,
In satins such as ladies wear,
And as she passed, I heard her sing
A roundelay to please a king.

"A curse upon the gypsy tribe, and curse their lying
ways,
And curse the wandering fools," I cried, "who tread the
autumn days
When even wandering men must pause and hunt for
hearth and blaze."

The Chicago (Ill.) Tribune. *Sadie Seagrave.*
A Line o' Type or Two.

SIMILITUDE

The first dragging dream-dazed hour
Of bitter grief
Is like the storm-threatened silence
Of a lifted leaf.

The Chicago (Ill.) Tribune. *Lou Mallory Luke.*
"A Line o' Type or Two." June 2, 1934.

BUT I SHALL GRIEVE

When this, my mortal life, comes to an end,
I'll leave behind some homely task undone—
A letter half way written to a friend,
The Monday washing hanging in the sun.
Or yet, perhaps, the new-born chicks unfed,
The mother cow still mooing for a drink,
The quilts and blankets flung across the bed,
The unwashed dishes stacked beside the sink.

If I must hurry on . . . I shall not mind
Leaving these tasks undone, and even more,
But I shall grieve if I must leave behind
A beggar knocking at my kitchen door.

*The Chicago (Ill.) Tribune. Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni.
September 13, 1934.*

TO ANDY

Your little head is cuddled on my breast,
The dewy eyes are looking into mine.
The time has come for you to go to rest,
And still my yearning loving arms entwine
Themselves about your sturdy form, and you
Have thrown your arm about my neck, and seem
Caressing me, while now your eyes of blue
Are heavy lidded, weighted with a dream.
The curves of all your precious body bring
An aching joy within my arms. I sigh.
How much we wish the little arms might cling
Forever so, yet hours go flitting by.
But, always deep in memory is this,
Your tender clinging form, your smile, your kiss.

Clara Edmunds-Hemingway.

*The Chicago (Ill.) Tribune.
"A Line o' Type or Two." August 21, 1934.*

THESE THINGS SHALL TEACH

These things shall teach man quietude
And loftiness of soul:
The sunlit beach beyond whose edge
Far going waters roll.

The redwood whose old shaggy crest
Has weathered storm and time
And sings a quiet monody
To match the light wind's rhyme.

The mountain's brow unchanged and high
Above a valley changed,
The still horizon's purple deeps
Where ancient hills are ranged.

The scarlet poppy, brief and young,
With deathless Life elate,
The rain-swept meadow's fragrant hush,
With cattle at its gate.

The joyous stream whose tireless course
Unfurls a silver scroll:
All these shall teach man quietude
And loftiness of soul.

*Maude De Verse Newton.
The Christian Science Monitor.*

MORNING AFTER SNOWFALL

The little pathways through the woods are white;
Unsullied white the roads run through the town;
Persistently a white road climbs to crown
The distant hill. The morning's growing light
Discloses every lane and highway bright
And silvery, that yesterday was brown.
For whom were these pure satin lengths laid down?
What pageantry passed this way in the night?

No mark, no stain, no faintest footprint mars
The shining surface. Light the feet, indeed,
That trod yet tarnished not the roadway's glow!
Did heaven's candelabra of bright stars
Light up the way? What company had need
Of paths so radiant? Whither did they go?

The Christian Science Monitor. *B. Y. Williams.*

SEAMSTRESS

The silver needles of the rain
Flashing out and in again,
Overcast an endless seam
Of graying clouds and
Cloth of dream.

The Christian Science Monitor. *Jean Crosse Hansen.*
April 12, 1934.

SNOW STORM: MOUNTAIN VILLAGE

Men came with brawn and guns and axes
And took this town site from the hill:
With shouts and blows and laws and taxes
They slowly hewed it to their will.

But last night while they slept in silence
The airy, feathery snow stole down
Without a sound or any violence
And sternly, gently took the town.

The Christian Science Monitor. *Robin Lampson.*
June 21, 1934.

SOCIAL SIN

God knows where his father is,
His mother works all day;
He was just six a week ago,
But never learned to play.

Six short years—an old man's face
Drawn lips that never smiled;
America's democracy
Has sinned against her child.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star. *Kathleen Prout.*

ALBERT OF BELGIUM

Always to climb,
Always to strive—
That is what counts,
That keeps me alive.

What if I fall!
What if I slip!
Up again! onward!
Up, up, to the tip!

So said King Albert,
So say we all;
Let us follow his leadership
What though we fall.

Charlotte G. Miller.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times Star.

BLUE SKY AHEAD

When spots once so cheery
Went vacant and dreary
As the purse of the people grew flat,
The happiness vendor
Became lean and slender
With the wolf just outside on his mat.

All dancing and singing
Which he had been bringing
To lighten the toil of the day
Passed out of the picture
And he was a fixture
That seemed very much in the way.

But time is a healer,
And though not a spieler
That puts on a loud ballyhoo,
He's called on the vendor
In a whisper most tender
To look where the sky's getting blue.

For the good of the nation
It's a fine indication
When the fun-merchant starts spreading fun;
It's then that old worry
Will leave in a hurry
And the depression is over and done.

Horace G. Williamson.
The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.

I LIFT MINE EYES TO THE HILLS

I lift mine eyes to the hills
Whence cometh power.
The urge of inhuman wills
I take as dower:
I will share with the mighty crests
Their sovereignty;
In the shadow of my behests
Shall all men be.

I lift mine eyes to the hills
Where freedom stands.
Revolt from a thousand ills
Makes strong my hands:
I will share with the storms of heaven
Their anarchy;
I will strike in the flashing levin;
I will be free.

I lift mine eyes to the hills
With clouds agleam.
The harp of my passion thrills
Unto a dream:
Hauteur of thrones and license of throngs,
Let be, let be!
Drifting splendor of skies and songs,
Open to me!

Clark B. Firestone.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.

A LOVER COMES LATE

So you've come back, repentant; all these years
On winter nights a cheery fire has burned;
On summer nights, a single candle's flame,
So it would not be dark when you returned,
And I have kept the rooms all clean and neat,
Remembering you always liked them so,
And in the garden that was yours and mine
I watched white lilacs and red roses grow,
And there were muffins everyday for tea;
(You see, I've not forgotten anything.)
And I have dressed myself in silk and lace,
And on my finger I have worn your ring,
And I'd been faithful all these weary years
While you've left me, to wander other ways,
And this homecoming I had planned for you
Had helped me bear the long and lonely days;
But you were late in coming, and one night
I chanced, somehow, to leave my heart unlocked,
And one who loved me years and years ago,
Came past, and entered in, nor even knocked.

So you have come, and found no welcome here;
Even the candle's flame is cold and dim;
You were too long in coming; he was here;
I welcomed him.

Louise Cain Gardner.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.

BE YOURSELF

I planted a garden within myself,
Slim poplars and hollyhocks tall,
With straight wooden pickets for a fence
Surrounding a sheltered mall,

And it looked so orderly, neat and trim;
Then a stranger came to my wall,
Looked through at my garden and said to me,
"These prim plants don't suit you at all."

So now I grow pansies and lilacs and pinks,
Colorful dahlias and such;
Stiff plants bespeak a Puritan calm
Of which I have ne'er felt the touch.

I have thinned out the hollyhocks, put in some phlox,
And only knee-high is my fence;
Now you can look through or even walk in—
I have lowered my wall of pretense.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star. Jessie Farnham.
July 30, 1934.

WORKLESS

(THE CRY OF THE TEN MILLIONS)

Mine is the hell of idleness enforced;
Old nations deemed that toil was doom and curse,
And laid the hated burden on their slaves;
To me the chance to work were Paradise.
I sink below the rank of man and beast;
The happy beast can forage for its prey;
I can but hold out hands for bitter alms.

Day comes. The busy sun invites to deeds;
I am held back by steel-like threads unseen.
All else that man endures were lighter borne
Than under wizard's baleful spell to sit
Half-turned to stone—as Arab stories tell—
Such fate is mine and that of millions more.
'Twere easier far to mush through Arctic snows,
To strive in shipwreck to gain a welcome shore,

To wander in a desert seeking springs,
To fight wild beasts or wilder men—than this.
My hands search vacancy for aught to grasp;
These muscles yearn to tense, this brain to plan;
I am an engine in the roundhouse locked
And barred from running on a splendid race.

Days come and go, alike as sands on shore;
My strength ebbs like the sap from wounded trees;
My once-brave spirit dies like fires unfed.
Earth laments in need of force and skill
That fallow lie within my brain and arm—
Long trained and disciplined by hard employ—
Without which goodly harvests can not be,
Nor buildings rise against the sunny sky,
Nor craftsmen do their thousand miracles;
But I, with strength and will to think and work,
Am on the scrap-pile of the universe.

Hear me, O world, lest I become disease,
Contagion, peril to others and myself—
A fetid pool, not flowing, cleansing stream.
I, who once hailed the day with cheerful song,
Whose strong, bold heart sang in me at my tasks,
Grow brooding, silent, sullen, well-nigh crazed.
Yet, unless madness make my soul a blank,
No crime shall stain my name or wrong my land.

My mind looks back to better circumstance;
Fair were old times when generous work was mine;
Glorious were sunrise and the end of day;
Dear were the evenings and the hours of rest.

The shining past casts forward rays of hope;
And I must hope; and if good days shall come
I'll spring to action like a horse from stall;
I'll shout as if released from prison doors.
Sweeter than music then the whistle's call,
And clock's alarm that wakes me at the dawn;
Sweet will be labor's appetite and sleep,
And sweet will be the wages bravely earned.

O World, O Statesmen, haste deliverance,
Give me to be a man again, to fight

My fight, to do my part and win my bread.
Let me join God and man to act, create.

Calvin Dill Wilson.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.
February 23, 1934.

THE AIRPLANE AND THE BUZZARD

An airplane hummed through the clearing sky,
With the grace and poise of a butterly;
A buzzard lolled in the vaulted blue
And glided aside as the plane went through,
"Old man," said the plane, "the like of you
Should hide away and keep out of view."
The buzzard said nothing, but circled away,
And the plane returned the following day;
It sputtered and coughed and finally sank
To a wretched heap on a river bank.
The buzzard, on watch from a nearby tree
Said, "Man made you and God made me."
And the homely bird that could not sing,
Flew down and perched on a crumpled wing.

Paul Rawlins Hughes.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.

MORGAN'S MEN

Morgan's Men!
What chilling fear
Clutches at the ones who hear
That shrill message of alarm.
Manless town and manless farm
In their path defenseless lie.
Who is left that dares defy
Morgan's Men?

Hide the horses!
Lads and lasses
Lead them up the watercourses,
Hide them in the thickets dense,
Trusting to their equine sense

Not to yield themselves a prey
By a nicker or a neigh.

Hide the silver!
Pewter, too,
Morgan's Men must never view.
In the garden dig a hole,
Burrow like an orchard mole,
Faster! Faster! Cover well
And let no child ever tell.

Morgan's Men!
Wild terror's wave
Breaks upon those once called slave.
Up the attic stairs they fly,
To the cellar bins they hie.
Freedom in Ohio gained
Might by Morgan be profaned.

Morgan's Men!
That fearsome raid
In historic dust is laid.
Nevermore their horses' feet
Echo through a village street.
Ghostly riders, phantom steeds,
Now they seem; but still their deeds
Thrill us when the tale is told,
Dashing, daring, never old,
Morgan's Men!

Ruth Winslow Gordon.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.
January 29, 1934.

JUNE TWILIGHT

This is the prayer before meat. I shall not come
Till the last recessional whisper, the faint amen
Under the wavering light of the wind-blown stars,
Blessing the day as it enters the souls of men.

Here I must wait to join with a fervent heart,
If by listening only, and this with an unbowed head;

For I would lift my face when the manna falls,
And feel the stirring of wings when a Name is said.

To lose that word or another, under a roof,
To sit and bow or kneel and bow within,
While the murmuring sky and the priestly moon pray on,
Would burden the night with sacrilege and sin.

After the benediction I shall come,
Re-born in the holy water of the dew,
Sprayed by the censers of Madonna flowers;
Shall enter at last, and sit down and sup with you.

The Cleveland (Ohio) News. *Beulah Allyne Bell.*
June 22, 1934.

CAPTIVE

Once I was caged—my voice cried out
Entreating mercy.
I beat protesting wings against strong bars.
Now the door of my cage is opened.
I cower against the wall of my prison—
Afraid.

The Columbus (Ohio) Citizen. *Robert Schreffler.*
December 9, 1934.

THE MARCH WIND

The March Wind has no manners;
He'll grab your hat and run,
Then shriek and howl and whistle,
As if he's having fun!

'Tis said that Mother Nature
Gave up long ago,
Teaching Mister March Wind
When, and how to blow.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. *Jane McKay Lanning.*

LITTLE ROAD TO LONESOME TOWN

Little road to lonesome town,
With its funny quirks and bends,
Up one stony hill and down,
Little road no one e'er mends.

Where the lone frog's mournful note
Mingles with the pale wind's sigh,
Where yester's rose-scents tease and goad
And where wan shadows creep and die.

Where bruised feet lag weary miles,
Where the heart cries voiceless cries,
Where the eye smiles lying smiles
Where die little unborn sighs.

Little road to lonesome town,
With its funny quirks and bends,
Up one stony hill and down
Little road that never ends.

The Columbus (Ohio) Citizen. *Selma Hamann.*

THE MISER

(TO A COREOPSIS)

I know a little hoarder
And none may say him nay;
He neatly piles his sifted gold
And counts it every day.
He never seems to mind
If one should be the wiser,
He calmly lays his gold in view,
The charming little miser.
I know he needs not be disturbed
If one would steal his gold—
I found it more illusive
Than dreams grown cold.

The Columbus (Ohio) Citizen. *Hazel Shinn Krumm.*
"Poet's Corner," September 28, 1934.

I SHOULD NOT CARE

I think I should not care to love again;
You lovers smile and ask the reason, "Why,—
Should not the harp release its golden strain,
The lark sing gayly to the morning sky?"

I've listened to the music and the song,
I've felt the fire of Cupid's flaming dart,
I've known the lift of eager wings and strong,
I've sensed Love's clinging hands upon my heart.

But I have seen the torn and tangled strings
When music ceased,—I know what harps can say,
And I have touched the bruised and broken wings
That soared into the heavens, for a day.

I've seen Love, with its glory and its light.
Lost in a fog of agony and pain,
I've heard grief sobbing through a lonely night,
I think I should not care to love again.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. *Katherine Kelly.*

ON THE BOAT

My soul today is rather leery—
I've had a boat ride on Lake Erie—
A crowded boat on which 'tis said,
There were at least 2000 head
Of humans. Most of them were kids
Who ran around as if on skids,
And always sought the narrowest way,
Where sat the persons, bald and gray.
They knocked our knees, they trod our toes,
Or smashed an elbow in a nose—
And ever had a glorious play.
So what care we? It is youth's day,
And we, their elders, got a notion
Of present-day perpetual motion.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. *Osman C. Hooper.*
August 12, 1934.

I WOULD NOT GRIEVE

I do not think that I shall grieve
When death shall seal my lips to song,
If any dust of men can leave
A line of hope to right a wrong.

I think that I should lie with ease
Down in the loam's moss-cool caress,
If from my tomb the flowers and trees
Might give a bit of loveliness.

I doubt if I should even grieve
That I have known life's bitter dole,
If one poor song of mine should weave
A wisp of joy for some poor soul.

Naomi Evans Vaughn.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.

"A Verse for Today." September 15, 1934.

MEMORIES KEPT

I keep the memory of a rose
Plucked in a Junetime long ago,
Within my heart when winter snows
Come like a swift, advancing foe,
Down lanes and fields that once were sweet
With scent of summer's dew and flowers;
Treasure I hold against defeat,
Stored when time gave me happy hours.

I keep the memory of your love
A sacred treasure of the past.
God knows the falling of the dove
That dies in winter's bitter blast:
So in my heart is sorrow known
For love that time has caused to die.
Time was, you whispered, "Oh, my own!"
Time was, you left me with a sigh.

I keep the memory of a rose—
And one who treasures fragile things,
Must treasure through life's deepest snows,
That which great joy or sorrow brings!
You loved me dear, that can suffice
For all I lost in after years.
Though loss may fold a heart in ice,
Remembrance warms grief's frozen tears!

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. *Mildred Schanck.*
January 14, 1934.

MOVING FROM THE OLD HOME PLACE

You're moving from the old home place,
A new environment to face;
You're leaving much you love behind,
A future happiness to find;
And, though your grief may be severe
In leaving scenes you hold most dear,
New joys will greatly compensate
For sacrifices caused by fate.

Life has been planned in perfect way.
Where we may live, from day to day,
Gives not the power to annoy
Our heritage of peace and joy;
That we appreciate the worth
And wondrous beauty of the earth
Is knowledge gained, which oft depends
Of changing scenes and growth of friends.

The pictures of each past event—
The scenes of happy moments spent—
May hang upon your memory-wall,
Your choicest pleasures to recall;
And, as you leave the old home place,
May sweet contentment soon replace
All sad regrets . . . Thus, life will give
Much joy to you, where'er you live.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. *Katharine Neal Smith.*
"A Verse for Today." *November, 1934.*

MASQUERADE

Suppose we lay aside our masquerade,
Our cap and bell, our antics of pretense,
And you be you and I be as I am,
No aim to please, no fear to give offense,
Suppose we were to meet devoid of guile,
From one another's eyes to tear the blind,
I wonder—could we bear the other's kiss?
And should the parting word be just as kind?

If we should lay aside our studied pose,
Forgetting that we knew the other so,
You stripped of sham and I of make-believe,
Should we be sad to see the other go
Because we saw what now we fail to see,
A heart exultant and a diadem?
And should we drop the arrogance of fools
At last to love the soul we now condemn?

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. *Florence Reber.*

WARFARE

The corn goes marching down the furrowed fields,
A brown clad army bearing thin, keen blades
To stirring drums of Autumn. Cavalcades
Of trees hold useless gold and crimson shields
Against their ancient enemy, the wind,
Whose onslaught lasts till every breastplate lies
A battered rusty thing beneath gray skies,
And beauty to a single leaf is thinned.

The world is old and warfare has been rife
Through steady march of years. Sun, soil and seed
Have battled, tirelessly, to nourish life
And fear has warred with faith, and love with greed.
But valiant hearts and strong, warm hands would spread
The cloth of peace and break the Living Bread.

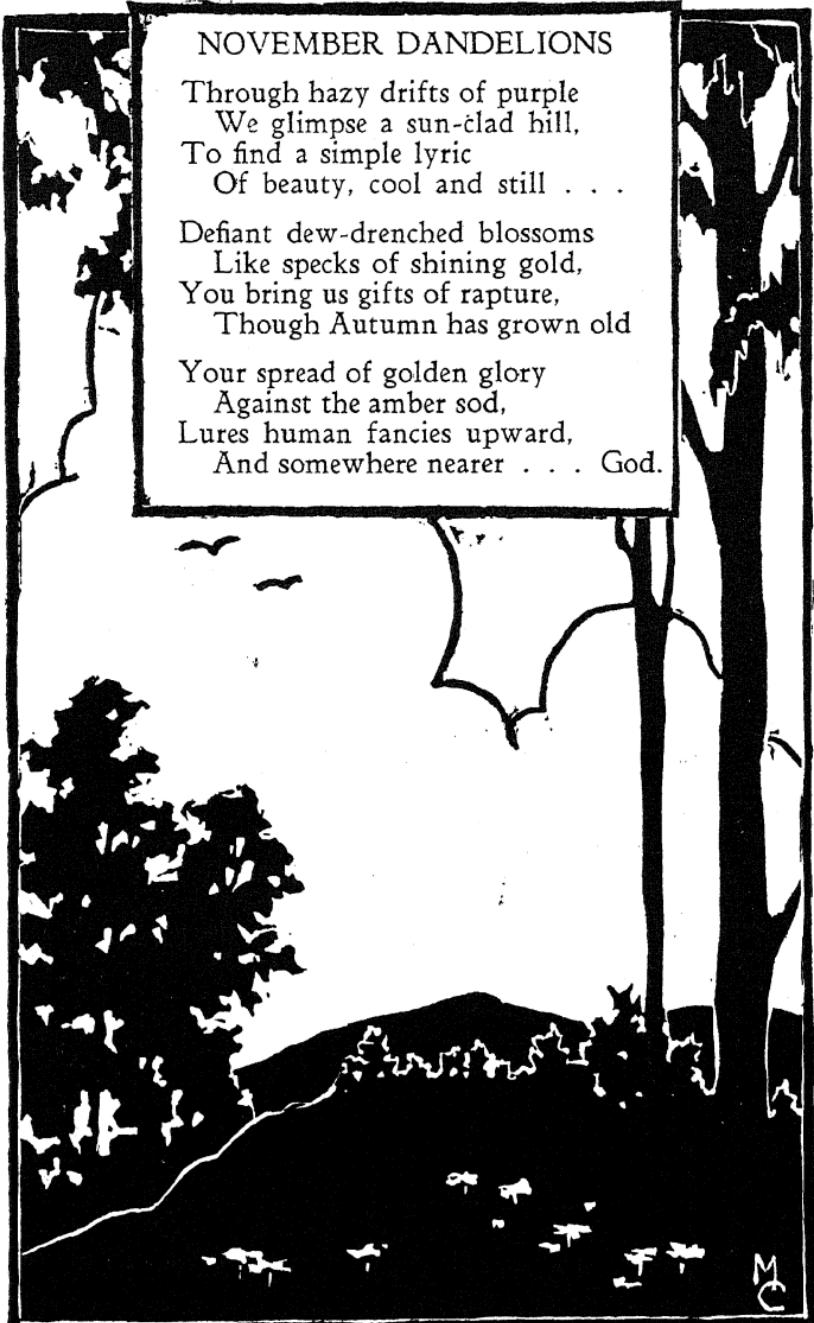
The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. *Virginia Eaton.*
“A Verse for Today.” October 9, 1934.

NOVEMBER DANDELIONS

Through hazy drifts of purple
We glimpse a sun-clad hill,
To find a simple lyric
Of beauty, cool and still . . .

Defiant dew-drenched blossoms
Like specks of shining gold,
You bring us gifts of rapture,
Though Autumn has grown old

Your spread of golden glory
Against the amber sod,
Lures human fancies upward,
And somewhere nearer . . . God.



Theressa M. DeFosset.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.
November 19, 1934.

IN THE STILLNESS

One night I went out to my garden fair,
My need of God aware.
So still it seemed I heard dew falling there,
And star dust on my hair.

So still it seemed, from buds unfolding near,
I heard vibrations clear;
No sound of wind's low music met my ear,
Nor echoes from earth's sphere.

There were from night-nymphs hovering round no word
Or sigh, no stir of bird,
But in that holy hush that shadows gird,
How plain God's voice I heard.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. Mabel Raymond.

TO HOBO HEINIE

I wonder if you know what you're about—
To call a farmer just "a lazy lout,"
When his activities so large had grown,
That granaries and bins began to groan,
And surplus hogs were mounting with the grain.
'Til markets offered loss, instead of gain.
"A bribe" to harm, to loaf, to laze, to play,
You call the Gov'ment farm-relief, and say
"The Gov'ment debt is hopeless." Well, I'll bet
Instead of you, he helps to pay the debt.

*The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. Jessie Chandler.
"A Verse for Today." August 22, 1934.*

LOVE WINS THE DAY

When love abides within a house
That house will stand secure.
No matter what great test may come;
Love helps all to endure.

The house may be a mansion fine
Or just a lowly cot,
But joy and peace will reign supreme,
Whatever is the lot.

In rainy weather or in fair,
Or winter's chill and snow
Upon a throne of sweet content,
Love wins the day, I know.

Ethel Titus Worthen.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.
"A Verse for Today." September 12, 1934.

APOCALYPSE

John, exiled in an island of the sea,
And homesick for the comfort of that shoulder
On which he still leaned, safe in memory,
Saw farther, as his dreaming eyes grew older,
Into a city all gold-crystal stone,
Where never tears retard the rhythmic street,
But sound of many waters throng the throne,
Vision of Paradise and Paraclete.

A city whose twelve gates were single pearls,
And whose foundations each a precious gem,
Whose folk turned into little boys and girls
At play with lyric harp and diadem,
And bells were on the horses that went past,
And best of all, these lovely things would last.

Isabel Fiske Conant.

The Concord Monitor and N. H. Patriot.
"Poetic Parleyings." May, 1934.

FISHER'S HEART

I've flung my line in many a silver lake—
I've fished in river, brook, and salt sea bay—
I've watched them all hook, line and sinker take
And yet I dream of one that got away.

I know a mountain rill where brook trout leap
And fairly hunger for the sparkling fly,
A tarpon pier to linger in your sleep
Where you can make your catch and hardly try.

But memory treasures most a hidden stream,
Mad-swirling 'round the rocks that bar its way,
And of the daddy of all trout I dream
Who broke my line in two—and got away.

He warned his clan and till the shadows' creep
Drove me away I cast my line in vain;
I hold no victory o'er that luring deep
And yet—I'd like to fish that brook again.

The Dallas (Texas) Journal. William B. Ruggles.

I HAD NO CHOICE

The way was always steep and spread with stone;
The nights all long and black—the dawns dull gray;
There was no hand to guide—no voice to stay;
I had no choice except to go alone.
And so I learned while struggling toward the goal
The way to walk with proudly lifted head;
And climbing upward where the grim path led
I found strength's shining armor for my soul.

But strength is heavy. Though with glittering spears
We bravely march, strength lightens not the load.
I paused with shaded eyes. Back down the road
Which has stretched empty all these weary years,
No love climbs upward on the path I've known.
He who wears strength must ever walk alone.

The Dallas (Texas) Journal. Jan I. Fortune.

APPRAISAL

Out of the heart, desire—
 Out of the soul an aim—
Out of the brain, the fire
 To lead in a chosen game—
Out of the ruck, the start—
 Out of a dream, a dawn
When the brain and the soul and the heart
 Together fight on and on.

Out of the weary days
 Of trouble and toil and pain,
Courage, a lambent blaze,
 To try it and try it again;
Bruised to the very soul,
 Sticking it out on pluck—
Then at the end, the goal!

* * *

And the world will call it luck!

The Dallas (Texas) Journal. *William B. Ruggles.*
July 5, 1934.

PATCHWORK QUILT

Old Mother Nature pieced a quilt,
 Through long and dreary winter days;
She filled it with the soft white snow,
 And faced it well with browns and grays.

She made the gorgeous patchwork squares
 Of light and dark and vivid green,
With purple, yellow, pink and blue,
 And scarlet patterns in between.

When she had matched these lovely shades,
 She fashioned trees, sedate and tall,
In stately rows—stitched silver streams,
 With here a ripple, there a fall.

When she displayed it in the spring
It was a most enchanting thing!

The Dallas (Texas) Journal. *Nancy Richey Ranson.*
June 4, 1934.

SWEEPSTAKE

When I enter the last great race
And we're off at the sound of the gong,
Ride me, jockey, ride me,
And help me to finish strong!

Dig the spur in my side
And lay the lash on my back,
Bring me in for the money,
Or leave me dead on the track.

I have entered the lists with the best,
But always finished the race
A little better than loser,
A little less than "place."

Some say I lack the blood,
And some say I lack the fire,
And some say I weaken before the end—
I would prove each one a liar!

When we come to the final lap,
And the crowd breaks into a roar—
When my lungs are ready to burst and my sides
Are streaked with foam and gore,

Give me the spur and the lash
Harder and harder them,
But speak to me softly, too, and say;
"You never will run again—

"You never will run again;
Remember the things they have said!"
Ride me, ride me, jockey,
And prove me a thoroughbred!

*The Dallas (Texas) Journal. Whitney Montgomery.
"Life Is Like That." May, 1934.*

BONNIE BLUE FLAGS

Iris, you call them. A pretty name,
But rather fancy, just the same.

The colors are newfangled, too.
When I was a girl they were always blue.

Blue flags, we called them: They stood so straight
Along the path to the garden gate.

Like rows of flags on a holiday,
With stiff green staffs for their banners gay.

My father fought for a flag of blue—
Your great-grandfather. I never knew

It wasn't a flower my mother meant
The day she cried when her soldier went.

"Bonnie blue flag!" I heard her say:
He held her close, then he rode away.

Two years they blossomed for us, and then
My father came riding home again.

His uniform and his beard were gray,
And his left sleeve hung in a funny way.

I picked the prettiest flower for him,
And showed him the others, tall and slim.

He patted my little curly head:
"See all the bonnie blue flags!" I said.

Alice Boorman Williamson..

The Dallas (Texas) Journal, Oak Cliff Edition.
"Poet's Forum." June 8, 1934.

FATE

One step is all to reach the door
Where I have never been before.
I pause—I dare not touch the latch,
But ponder there, a breathless catch
Within my breast. And, as I wait,
The door is swung and out steps Fate.

Clara A. Clausen.

The Dallas (Texas) Journal, Oak Cliff Edition.
"March of Events." October 11, 1934.

OLD SOLDIER

He does not want a casket when he dies,
Nor flowers, nor loved one shedding tears,
This dear old man with wistful eyes,
Who sits and lives again his eighty years.

He merely wants his body,
With a blanket wrapped around
To be peacefully with bugle call,
Laid quickly in the ground.

His sons and daughters plead with him
And relatives protest,
Forgetting all the childish pride—
The medal on his breast.

His brothers died in uniform
And so, he vows, will he,
Without a tear—without a song,
Beneath some lonely tree.

And at his head he wants a cross
To mark the little mound,
So folks will know a soldier rests
Beneath that plot of ground.

Elaine Bassett.

*The Dallas (Texas) Journal, Oak Cliff Edition.
"March of Events." February 6, 1934.*

PRAYER

Prayer is a lily at close of day
Who bows her head in her humble way.
Prayer is a bird singing at night,
Thanking its God for wings of flight.
Prayer is a child asleep in its bed
While stars look down from overhead.

William Allen Ward.

*The Dallas (Texas) Journal, Oak Cliff Edition.
"March of Events." February 4, 1934.*

ONCE

Once in my little pinafore
With water, soap and air
I blew myself a bubble
And crowded, for its was fair.

Once waiting for my fiancee
I built—you know, in Spain,
A castle, rock and rubble—
She joined a man in Maine.

I go on building castles
And blowing bubbles fair
I get the joy of making things
The grief of nothing there.

E. Martin.

The Dallas (Texas) Journal, Oak Cliff Edition.
"March of Events." July 31, 1934.

THE ANSWER

I do not know what death will say to me,
But I am certain of my reply;
"If you have any thought of drinking here
You come too late—I've drained the goblet dry."

Lilith Lorraine.

The Dallas (Texas) Journal, Oak Cliff Edition.
"Oak Cliff Today." April 12, 1934.

WASTE

The world's at strife and underfed
Though rich in spoil and oversized.
It seems, to view the wreckage red,
It's rather poorly organized.

Jessica Bronson.

The Dallas (Texas) Journal, Oak Cliff Edition.
"March of Events." July 9, 1934.

LINES TO A BLONDE

You're accused of much:
 You're blasé, bored,
Your type is old,
 You're losing out.

But don't you worry,
 No harm's inferred,
The fact remains—
 You're still preferred.

Lexie Jean Lowman.

*The Dallas (Texas) Journal, Oak Cliff Edition.
"March of Events." September 7, 1934.*

MESQUITE TREES

City trees along the street
Grow quite orderly and neat—
But I like a gnarled mesquite.

When I was a child I played
Happily in freckled shade
That a lacy-leaved tree made.

Shade of other trees is dense,
Proof of their magnificence;
The mesquite makes no pretense

To wealth of leaf or branch, but I
Love its frail transparency—
Why should trees conceal the sky?

Vaida Stewart Montgomery.

*The Dallas (Texas) Morning News.
May 21, 1934.*

THE SEA AT SUNSET

A cascade of light 'midst palisades'
purple scintillates up to the lea;
A canyon of glory abysmally sinking
recedes to the depths of the sea;

And yonder most brilliant the circle
of fire is hiding 'neath nuptial veil,
Pellucid and crimson the colors are
tinting the velvety clouds as they sail—
And peace descends on the wings of
the sunset with message to Earth of "All Hail!"

N. E. Aronstam.

The Detroit (Michigan) Jewish Chronicle.

HARBOR FOR DREAMS

Can there be more spirit-arousing adventures in living
Than quiet triumphs a home may hold
Where laughter of youngsters and grownups is cause for
thanksgiving
And love is a bugle that keeps us bold?

No gypsy can follow a trail with promise as gleaming
As baby is toddling—across the rug—
Or find as lovely a harbor for liveable dreaming
As the smallest home that is warm as a hug.

The Detroit (Michigan) News. *Ralph Cheney.*
"Random Shots." July 9, 1934.

SONNET IN SILVER

The gray-toned years are strung upon a chain
Of sparkling life; a delicately chased
Design of mingled tears and laughter, placed
Upon its gleaming links, is etched in pain
By that great artist, Time. A drop of rain
Has crystallized to form a jewel, graced
By solitude, reflecting love encased
By magic notes—a silvery refrain.

Perhaps the shadow-days are lost to sight,
And nights are merged to blackness down the sky;
But through the years, a weaving cord of light
Has bound your hearts as one within the cry
Of rich companionship, and moulded white
To silver, magic dreams that cannot die.

The Detroit (Michigan) News. *James Neill Northe.*
"Random Shots." November 28, 1934.

LIBERATING LOVER

From walls of smug tradition
The father let arrows speed.
His banished child was wounded
But her love was bravely freed.

Now life with its healing rhythms
That soothe each hidden ache,
For her is a singing river,
For him a frozen lake.

The Detroit (Michigan) News.

Lucia Trent.

THE LONGEST DAY

You tell me that the longest day
Comes 'way along in June;
But you are quite mistaken,
Because it's coming soon.

You can't make me believe it,
No matter what you say,
That there is any longer day
Than just 'fore Christmas day.

The Enid (Okla.) Events.

"Verse." December 21, 1934.

Bess Truitt.

SUMMER STORM

A reckless, rude clown
Strides into the town;
Swaggering up from the sea,
Whose white foam drips
From his curling lips,
As he whistles loud and free.

He rattles the latch,
Disarranges the thatch,
And shrieks quite noisily
To his slavering hound,
Who whines at the sound,
Glares skyward, and howls eerily.

His missiles of hail
And sleet, like a flail,
Crash down on building or tree;
Like a Vandal, insane,
He pours out floods of rain,
Then shouting, surf-rides back to sea.

The Enid (Okla.) Events. Alice Sutton McGeorge.
"Verse." October 11, 1934.

"PIONEER"

O pioneer, so staunch and bold
 You rode with solemn stride;
You braved the winter's fiercest cold,
 You climbed the mountain side.

You lived upon the poorest fare,
 Your clothes were coarse and old;
And down beneath your coldest air
 You hid a heart of gold.

Our hats are off to you to-day,
 Your presence dear, we feel,
You taught us how to work and pray
 To God on high we kneel—

To thank Him for your courage true,
 Your hope and faith and love;
We have our homes here, thanks to you
 Brave Pioneer, above.

The Enid (Oklahoma) Events. Theresa D. Black.
"Verse." September 20, 1934.

MODERNISTIC POETRY

Poetry is different now;
A dot,
 A dash,
 A line,
Perhaps a pause;
An imagination,
 Unpremeditated art
On the wings of a bird,
 Flying on high,
And Shelley's lark is off to meet the sky:
Where, with a ray of light,
 A splash of gray,
 A hint of tint,
Shakespeare's russet morn
Sits enthroned.
A brook,
 Some pebbles,
Tennyson need not tell about the trebles.
Wordsworth's cloud of daffodils,
Of course they nodded
 And danced
 In the sun.
All daffodils do.
Milton?
 His bones are dust.
True he tripped the light fantastic toe,
But oh,
 How slow.
Chaucer, the father of English poetry,
Would he know his child?
So changed,
 No rhyme,
 No rhythm.
A suggestion,
 A word,
 Maybe two,
 A hint,
 A thought.
Oh no,
 Not a thought,
Poetry is different now.

*The Enid (Oklahoma) Events.
"Verse." November 29, 1934.*

May McGill.

THE JAZZ GIRL

Like a butterfly that flits from flower to flower;
She lends herself to man from hour to hour.

She gives her caresses, and her kisses;
But Nature her beauty soon dismisses.

She's like a four o'clock with face to the sun—
Soon to be replaced by another one.

Faded, wilted, who cares about her lost beauty;
In her jazz, she forgot all maidenly duty.

*Myrtle Hickey McCormack.
The Fort Payne (Ala.) Journal.*

AFTERGLOW

I stood upon a hilltop
As the crimson sun sank low
And in the purple twilight
I watched the afterglow.

I saw its reflected glory
Tint the sky a rosy hue
Like the embers of a fire
After the flames are through.

I pondered in the shadows
That Life is like the sun,
Youth is its heat at noonday,
Age, when its course is run.

Quickly the night descended
Beneath its cloak of dark,
And, like death, it snuffed
The afterglow's last spark.

The Gary (Ind.) Post Tribune. *Milly Walton.*
"Tom Cannon's Flue Dust." August 19, 1934.

HAIL AND FAREWELL

(MARIE DRESSLER—JULY 28, 1934)

The Little Church Around the Corner holds
The last sad rites, and all that now remains
Of "Queen Marie of Hollywood" who reigns
No more on earth. The studio flag unfolds
Half-mast; no Metro-Goldwyn light will glare
The while she lies before the altar-rail.
"Abide With Me" . . . Her favorite anthem. Hail
And then Farewell! Our tributes now we bear.

But there is more. Her memory must still
Be with us through the years. Who could forget
Her "Tugboat Annie" or her "Min and Bill?"
This "Grand Old Lady" will be with us yet.
And who could fail to shed his heart-felt tears
For "Queen Marie" who lives throughout the years?

*The Gary (Ind.) Post-Tribune. John Judson Haining.
"Tom Cannon's Flue Dust." September 7, 1934.*

GHOST FLEET

Old Ironsides tugs at our heart-strings today,
A symbol of victories won in the past
The Monitor emblems the Blue and the Gray;
The Santa Maria's adventuring mast,
Betokening Columbus, is dear to the heart.
The Mayflower, landing at old Plymouth Rock
Is badge of our forefathers' courageous part.
But we who are cradled of pioneer stock,
How shall we forget the destroyers that crept
Through submarine oceans to far English ports,
The first of that khaki-clad army that swept
To man Front Line trenches and dugouts and forts?
The Porter . . . the Davis are soon to be scrapped
(Those doughty destroyers, that led the advance)
Conygham, McDougal, the Wainwright are mapped
Down deep in our souls with our dead there in France.

Margarette Ball Dickson.

*The Gary (Ind.) Post-Tribune.
"Tom Cannon's Flue Dust."*

THE TOLL

The horsemen came down like avengers of old.
And all the wild pintos, the halt and the lame,
Unwittingly scattered to enter the fold
That spread like a net to ensnare as they came.

Some showed the old scars that the saddle had worn,
And some had the spirit of youth in the face;
Despair in each heart, at last, dimly was born
As boldly they struggled to win in the race.

The dust rose in clouds and the sun's scorching blast
Spelled death as they stumbled along in their fright;
Each torturing breathing seemed almost the last;
They longed for the dark and the coolness of night.

The horsemen relentlessly urged with a yell,
And (nature forsaking) a heart-broken mare
Dropped, headlong, to die where her bones soon will tell
How sun, wind and coyotes have stripped them quite
bare.

Here, there, by the wayside the weary dropped down,
And some with hearts bursting collapsed in their
fright;
Each agonized scream was a wrangler's crown . . .
The wolves who were chasing asserted their right.

At last . . . the enclosure of sharp cutting wire,
Surprising and tearing and maiming for life;
It seared their soft shoulders like talons of fire,
While, fighting for freedom, they milled in their
strife,

The picture of morning is hard to relate.
What carnage . . . to pay for a grasping for gold;
To those born to freedom, what terrible fate—
For fifty young horses lay stiff, stark and cold.

Of those, the survivors, what kingly young forms!
What spirits to break! But, ah, man must destroy—
What matter the toll if a puncher performs?
What price . . . for the skill of some daredevil boy!

*The Gary (Ind.) Post-Tribune. John Allison Haining.
"Tom Cannon's Flue Dust." July 18, 1934.*

NOT QUITE FOREVER

Forever is a long word,
 Forever is a lie,
I'll love you till I leave you,
 And maybe till I die.

But there's so many young men
 With dark, disarming eyes,
And there's so many old men,
 Who tell such charming lies.

And how should I be certain
 That I shall keep my vow,
If I should say "forever"
 Because I mean it now?

Forever is a long word,
 Forever is a bluff,
I'll love you till I leave you,
 And that should be enough.

The Gary (Ind.) Post-Tribune. *Vivian Smallwood.*
"Tom Cannon's Flue Dust."

PORTRAIT OF LOVE

If you should go, you'd take away my laughter,
 My life would be empty but for you,
And dreams, in broken heaps, would ever mock me
 Faith, my dear, would never see me through.

Love, my sweetest one, is courage valiant
 Undaunted by the sword of strife and care
Fearless in the battle of existence
 Facing every onslaught with a dare.

So you must go now quickly, if your heartstrings
 Cannot be tautly drawn with grief and pain
To rise and beat again with renewed fervor
 Steadfast hearts will know a constant drain.

The Gary (Ind.) Post-Tribune. *Kathleen Mahoney.*
"Tom Cannon's Flue Dust." November 30, 1934.

WORLD'S FAIR YEARS AGO

I saw, in fact, the brownies play,
In great Saint Louis town.
They danced in almost no array!
I saw, in fact, the brownies play.
The Filipinos are Malay,
Which makes them very brown.
I saw, in fact, the brownies play
In great Saint Louis town.

Ethel Morgan-Dunham.

The Gary (Ind.) Post-Tribune.

"Tom Cannon's Flue Dust." September 22, 1934.

GHOST JEWELS

Gems of a thousand tints
And pearls of every hue—
Night in the heart of day
And love in the heart of you.

Gems of a thousand shades—
Of black and green and red
Pearls of the sunset's dawn—
The tapers that guide the dead.

Margaret Scott Copeland.

The Gary (Ind.) Post-Tribune.

"Tom Cannon's Flue Dust."

EXCUSES

When young he saw successful men
And thought, "If I had reached their age,
I too might hope to win renown
And write my name on history's page."

When he was old, he looked at youth
Achieving. "It is very clear,"
He said, "the young possess the earth;
Age is no longer wanted here."

The Gary (Ind.) Post-Tribune. Emma Johnston.
"Tom Cannon's Flue Dust." July 4, 1934.

TWILIGHT

I wonder if the Twilight knows
How beautiful she grows
When behind the setting sun
As we say the day is done
She is coming like a bride
Down a chancel glorified.
I wonder if the Twilight knows
How beautiful she grows.

I wonder is she lifting there
A pictured silent prayer,
With the afterglow of day
When all Nature bows to pray
Signalling the Night to bring
Quietness with slumbering.
I wonder if the Twilight knows
How beautiful she grows.

I wonder if in heaven above
She longed our Earth to love
Dreaming there of serving best
Could she lure a world to rest
So it haps with sunset hours
That her winsomeness o'er-powers.
I wonder if the Twilight knows
How beautiful she grows.

Charles A. Heath.

The Harbor Springs (Mich.) Graphic.
June 28, 1934.

'AND WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR'

(But he, willing to justify himself, said to Jesus, "and who is my neighbor?" -St. Luke 10:29.)

Who is your neighbor? It is he who stands
And waits in humble patience, by your door;
To sell some trifle, made by weary hands;
With needles, or with silks, in braided strands,
To fill his dwindling store.

Who is your neighbor? Those who meekly ask
The dole of labor, for a loaf of bread;
Who seek, with wistful face, the meanest task,
While selfishness and ease, in plenty, bask,
 And turn away their head!

Who is your neighbor—He of the hungry heart,
Who looks to you for light, and sees the dark;
Who lives with pain, in silence, and apart;
And bears, uncheered, the slow unceasing smart,
 That you are dull to mark.

Who is your neighbor?—Every mind that yearns,
And hand that labors, for a better day;
Each soul that with a holy passion burns,
And ever toward a secret leading turns,
 That shows a God-ward way!

Mary Althea Woodward.

The Hartford (Conn.) Times.

"The Poet's Corner." February 27, 1934.

MASQUERADE

Above the tea-tray's glittering
I act a pleasant part,
Performed in a frilly, jewel-hued frock,
With studied, brittle art;

Or poised at a gleaming table's length
Where wine and word-play bubble,
I'm suave in clinging satin sheath,
Sophistication's double;

Or I essay the bustling role
Of domesticity,
And crisp in linen tend affairs
Of house and cookery.

The real I goes in rough brown tweeds
Where woodland waters spill,
Or leans against the driven rain
Along a windy hill.

The Hartford (Conn.) Times. *Anne Abbot Dover.*
"The Poets' Corner." May 22, 1934.

SERVITORS

We do not live
Our lives alone;
We are, of all
That has been sown.

What others see
To-morrow grow,
Will be what we
Today shall sow.

Time is the link
That runs to give,
Like us, itself,
That all may live.

The Hartford (Conn.) Times.
“The Poets’ Corner.” May 29, 1934.

F. J. Earl.

PROLOGUE TO DEATH

Seal my lips with your kiss—
Censoring careless—bliss—
Enfold me with your sanctity
For words I might have cast in mummery;
Sculpture my desires in stone
Marking dreams that stood alone
Asking neither birth nor death,
Being birth and facing—death.
Done with life’s pale analysis,—
Seal my lips with your burning kiss

The Hartford (Conn.) Times. *James Neill Northe.*
“The Poets’ Corner.” December 4, 1934.

MY GARDEN PRAYER

My Father, I thank Thee for my garden.
When Twilight draws her veil around the world
And opalescent rays linger on the flowers
I become one with Thy peace.
My garden brings me quiet beauty
Tranquillity that I cannot find

Even in human companionship.
My garden gives me a divine common sense
For I cannot dig deep in the earth
Without touching the heart of the Universal.
I cannot spend hours with growing things
And not learn to evaluate
Life's essentials from trivialities:
All the joys I cannot find elsewhere
I find in my garden.
In its quietness I solve my problems.
In its natural purity I find
Again my faith in Thy laws.
And in Thy Guiding Hand that never fails.
Beneath Thy touch
All things unfold into color, life and loveliness.
For my garden I thank Thee.

Scottie McKenzie Frasier.

The Houston Herald, (Dothan, Ala.)
April 19, 1934.

EQUATOR SONG

Between the Tropic of Cancer
And the Tropic of Capricorn,
I have watched the moonlit heavens
And a steaming, misty morn
Dim the stars to melted silver
By the milky Way's white wake,
Where I've felt the blood within me
Pound so hard my heart must ache.

I have known the calm of dawning
Cast a spell upon my soul
While worshipping this beauty
Of deep heaven's concave bowl;
And I've wondered does it matter
Very much that I was born—
In this land below the Cancer
Just above the Capricorn?

But Equator nights are calling
With their symphonies of sound
Through those myriads of insects—
The cicadas' song—the ground

That teems with unknown live things
That so stealthily slip by
In wee hours of the morning
Beneath a cut steel sky.

So I'm made to know it matters
Very much that I'm alive.
I am part of all this struggle
Of all living things that strive.
Who am I to think of dying
When so vital is my song?
Is it not enough I'm singing
That my heart beats loud and strong?

Yet today my soul's wild soaring
Seeks a place among the stars
Lying constant and so distant
That their beauty nothing mars.
I am homesick for hot countries
Where the Southern Cross is born
In those skies below the Cancer
Sailing north of Capricorn.

Caroline Parker Smith.

The Kansas City (Mo.) Journal-Post.
"Galley Three."

FOUND IN A SECOND-HAND STORE

There is strange fascination in a store
Where all the articles are second hand,
And once my curiosity was fanned
By finding books upon a dusty floor.
The clerks considered them as little more
Than rubbish: there was such a small demand
For all but useful things, but still I scanned
The lot to find the titles that they bore.

And lying there, name downward in the dust,
I found a book of poems, brown with age.
The favorites were marked and showed the trust
With which the owner once had read the page.
I bought the volume for a trifling fee,
But something of this trust abides with me.

The Indianapolis (Ind.) Star. *Margaret E. Bruner.*
May 13, 1934.

RELEASED

She toiled at her profession,
Exhausted by her zest;
Such ardor is transgression
So God enforced a rest.

The illness left her tender,
New strength was quickly spent;
God made her next surrender
Complete and permanent.

*The Kansas City (Mo.) Journal-Post. Rehge L. Rolle.
"Galley Three." September 29, 1934.*

CLOUD PICTURES

I am faring today through the infinite blue
Of a charmingly indolent sky,
With a picturing finer that men often view
In the gossamer veil floating by—
Near a beautiful castle with turreted walls
Is a knight on a galloping steed,
And a pinnacled summit that beckons and calls
Through a mantle of lace, filigreed.

Then a handsome and glamorous young cavalier,
With a courtesy gallant and gay,
Is adventuring by, without worry or fear,
And with nothing to do but to play—
As a maiden with shimmering tresses of gold
Is approaching, coquettishly shy,
Whom the lad, who has now become suddenly bold,
Is admiring with rapturous eye.

Though the prodigal breezes are wafting anon
The design that I briefly have seen,
I can easily guess when the vision is gone
What the end of my drama has been—
For the story of love is as old as the hills,
With a tenderness ever the same,
And I know that its ardor will route any ills
In the path of its heavenly flame.

*The Kansas City (Mo.) Star. LeRoy Huron Kelsey.
September 15, 1934.*

AUTUMN'S LURE

Autumn's wooded pathways lure me
To the great outdoors:
The irresistible crispy air,
The yellow sycamores,
Tall shivering elms near bare of leaves,
The piqued wind shyly whining,
Frost-silvered hills of mingled hue,
A mass of ivy vining,
Bright colored butterflies reposed
On slender stems and frail;
The squirrel and the chipmunk scold
As if to say, "This is my trail."
As on and on the lanes I tread,
The beckon urges stronger,
And then it is, with weary feet,
I wish Autumn were longer.

The Kansas City (Mo.) Star.
November 3, 1934.

Helen K. Finley.

PREFERENCE

Rain falls distressingly
In autumn, with a heavy drip
On tawny grass and herb.
Gladly one sees
Winter rain jewel the trees,
Lavishing them
With splintered diamonds.
April rain ripples caressingly
Over the curving lip
Of golden bell or jonquil, ravishing them
As it flows past.
The world, perhaps,
Is most enchanting after summer rain,
When like a swift refrain,
A turgid torrent at the street's edge laps
Repeatedly against the gray wet curb,
And it grows cooler, fast, fast.

The Kansas City (Mo.) Star. Helen Rhoda Hoopes.
July 29, 1934.

SPRING, THE COQUETTE

With one shoulder bare,
And a rose in her hair,
From a sun-dripping tree
She is smiling at me.

The singing leaves hold,
A tune that is bold . . .
From each little bird
A gay song is heard.

An old cottonwood
Spreads over the hood
Of a quaint little well
With a story to tell,

Of lovers that drink
At the side of the brink,
Among flowers that bloom
All drunk with perfume.

She's a flippant young thing;
While Cathedral bells ring
She is dancing out there
With a rose in her hair.

The Kansas City (Mo.) Star.
April 23, 1934.

Belle Van Natta.

WHEN APRIL COMES

O never-ending miracle of birth
Of April time! The fragrance of soft winds,
That, trailing through the trees and kissing Earth,
Against my cheek its perfume sprays, and blinds
My eyes with tears. O heart of Love, stay near!
Or else, I think, some happy April morn
My soul will loose its silver cord and bear
Its wings to Heaven, with joy and anguish torn.
O April, tell me this before you go—
What secret do you hold that haunts me so?

The Kansas City (Mo.) Star. *Viola Bailey Wilson.*

COME WE TO THEE

Come we to Thee, all lesser gods forsaking—
With clearer eyes and hearts we seek Thy face;
On bended knee, our covenants remaking,
In humbleness, oh God of might and grace.

Here in Thy sight, we break the gods of power,
And petty striving with our fellow men;
Out toward the light and hand in hand, this hour
Come we, oh God of love, to Thee again.

Blind to Thy plan, yet conscious of our straying,
We offer up the gods of many creeds . . .
Lo, now the Christ appears and leads us, praying,
Back to the One, who understands our needs.

Come we to Thee, this day in true Thanksgiving,
Freed from the gods our foolishness has wrought . . .
Thy children we, yearning for cleaner living
And for the God of love our fathers sought.

*The Kansas City (Mo.) Star. Alice Wilson Oldroyd.
November, 25, 1934.*

RECOVERY

Burrow deep in the grass-roots right where you are,
Squirm and twist till you get loose;
Connect your trolley with a star
And then turn on the juice!

*The Kansas City (Mo.) Star. Henry Polk Lowenstein.
“Starbeams.” January 29, 1934.*

REBEL

There is an awesomeness
About perfection . . .
A room with every book and magazine
Just so . . .
A garden path with every little flower
Arranged in pattern form,

(And not an interesting weed in sight!)
A person who pronounces
Every word and syllable . . . just so . . .
(Great bores, these, and I say unto you
They will inherit their reward!)
A woman's hair marcelled,
With every artificial wave
Hugging her scalp . . . just so . . .
Give me flamboyancy in life!
Let roses scramble over old stone walls,
And do not touch that gracious weed
Decorating my front door!
There is an awesomeness
About perfection . . .
And it would be a keen delight
To find a few things out of place
In Paradise!

*The Kansas City (Mo.) Star. Gene Boardman Hoover.
"Starbeams." October 1, 1934.*

CRUSADER

My mother's little hands have done
Such work as men would quail before,
Her timid soul has, shrinking, fought
And won a life-long bitter war;
Against a world of pain and greed
She held a fragile, home-made door.

In poverty she raised her brood,
Implanted beauty, faith, and pride,
Not only shelter, fire, food,
But deeper things this saint supplied;
In our young souls she fanned the flame
For which a Man was crucified.

This gentle, weary woman—once
Was young, and proud, and passionate;
She dreamed her dreams and sung her songs,
And shrunk from noise and dirt, and hate;
Now, done with them, her eyes are fixed
Upon a slowly opening Gate.

*The Los Angeles (Calif.) Saturday Night. Joy O'Hara.
May 12, 1934.*

WHETSTONE

Poor, proud mind,
You thought you were
Strong;
But like the blue steel edge
Of a knife,
You are not proof
Against the immortal
Song
Of a heart,
Which, like a whetstone,
Humming ceaselessly,
Abrates the knife
By the chicanery of
Art.

Jessica Lewis.

*The Los Angeles (Calif.) Saturday Night.
May 5, 1934.*

CANTICLE

You have become
A part of the water;
One with the river
And one with the sea;
Yet something at dawning,
And something at twilight,
Is bringing you back again
Closer to me.

Once you were here
And I loved you and held you;
Felt the dear form
That your spirit possessed;
Now you are part
Of the night wind that called you,
And each passing breeze
Leaves me feeling caressed.

Love is imperfect
When earth-bound and weary,

Tangled and caught
In the trappings of flesh;
Now you have proof
Of the beauty and freedom,
Waiting for love
When released from the mesh.

Soar with the wind
And descend with a shadow!
Sunlight and starlight
Shall bring me your smile.
Oh, my beloved,
I am not grieving—
I shall be with you
After a while.

Eugenia T. Finn.

The Los Angeles (Calif.) Saturday Night.
May 26, 1934.

WITH CRYSTAL VISION

Somewhere I read: "Lord, make me crystal clear,
And let Thy radiance come shining through."
A thought so strangely beautiful, I knew,
Had come from one who felt that God was near;
Who walked with Him in spirit day by day,
Along a mystical and star-crowned way.

"Lord, make me crystal clear"—but do I dare
To speak the words and make them thus my own?
I find so much for which I would atone,
My glass grows dim. Let not the wings of prayer
Be dragged to earth by faults that I confess,
But cleanse them, Lord, with loving tenderness.

And grant me crystal vision; eyes that see
God's likeness in my brothers of the street;
That see the span of life, not incomplete,
But lengthened into deathless purity.
Let faith, the crystal ball within Thy hand,
Reveal the truths I long to understand.
Then one day, Lord, I shall be crystal clear,
And they that look, shall see Thy light appear.

Eugenia T. Finn.

The Los Angeles (Calif.) Saturday Night.
April 11, 1934.

DREAMS

Dreams shun the blazing light of day
And hide their little selves away,
But when star-candles glimmer in the sky,
And silver dew drips from the moon,
They venture forth, some daring and some shy,
To seek glad lovers whispering of June.
When they have crept within young hearts, they say—
“The future looks so bright, we’ve come to stay!”

Nell Griffith Wilson.

The Los Angeles (Calif.) Saturday Night.
July 14, 1934.

VAGABONDAGE

O I would go, no matter where,
This hunger for horizons sate,
Taste longitude and latitude,
Devour distance, masticate
Some aromatic continent,
Feast on the beckoning beyond—
But it is hard forsaking flesh
For diet of a vagabond.

The Los Angeles (Calif.) Times. Irene Wilde.
“The Lee Side of L. A.” March, 1934.

AGE

I may not care when I am old for things
That thrill me now. Oh! it may be that I
Shall fail to note the crimson in the sky;
Be deaf to notes the throaty redbird sings,
Nor heed the color in his feathered wings;
Not grieve to see the meanest insect die
Through plan or accident, nor justify
The poignant beauty every season brings.
But now I pause with bated breath, and gaze
In speechless awe, upon a world replete
With loveliness. I know the purple haze
That comes before the frost; the rhythmic beat
Of rain; the rugged strength of hills, and ways
Of wind and surf. Will age all this defeat?

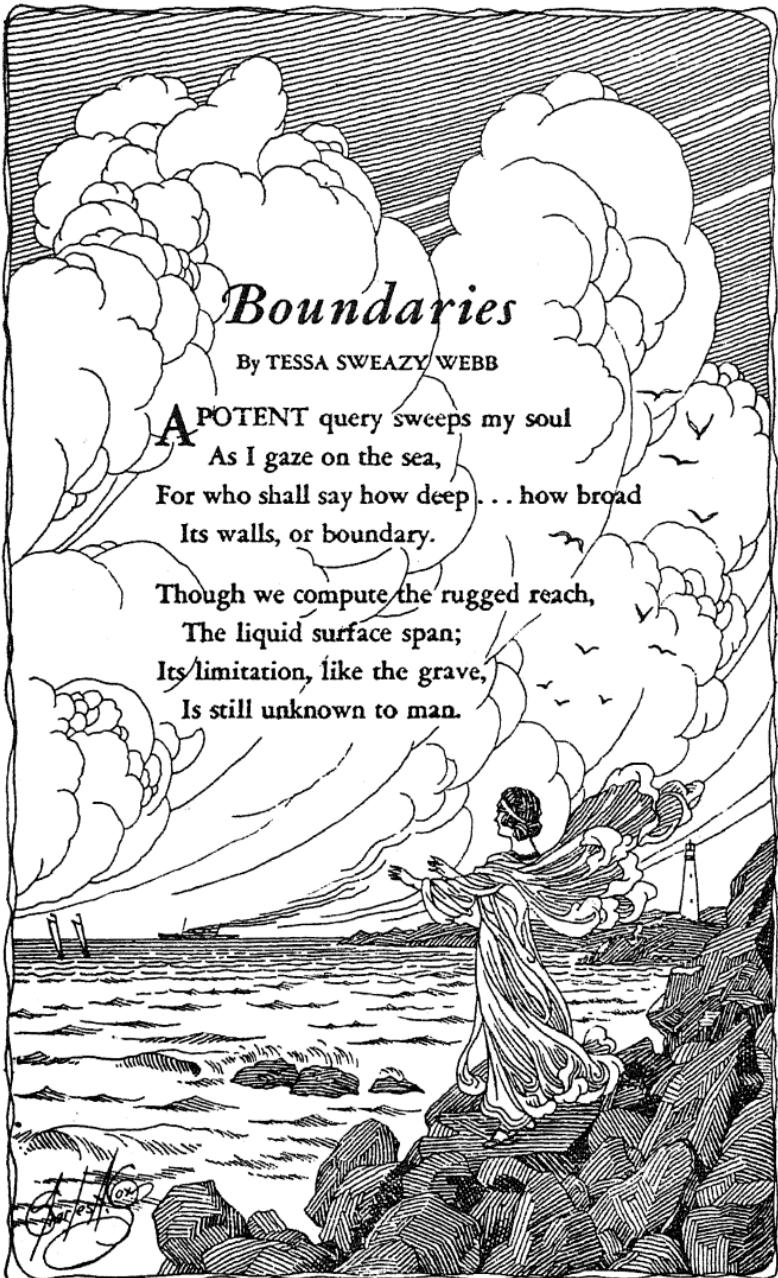
The Mason City (Iowa) Globe-Gazette. Gernie Hunter.
“Prairie Poets.” March 14, 1934.

Boundaries

By TESSA SWEAZY WEBB

A POTENT query sweeps my soul
As I gaze on the sea,
For who shall say how deep . . . how broad
Its walls, or boundary.

Though we compute the rugged reach,
The liquid surface span;
Its limitation, like the grave,
Is still unknown to man.



Mount Morris (Ill.) Index.

Tessa Sweazy Webb.

HEAR THE SCHOOL BELLS

Ding a ling a ling, hear the merry ring;
Happy youth from every station
Setting out today, for school,
Eager for an education,
Meaning to obey each rule.

Ding a ling a ling, listen to it ring;
Every day, all kinds of weather,
Eagerness is mixed with fears;
Boys and girls start out together,
Building for the future years.

Ding a ling a ling, may its music bring
Happy hours, unmarked by censure
For some duty left undone.
Children on the great Adventure
Quest for knowledge just begun.

The Meyersdale (Pa.) Republican. Sara Roberta Getty.
October 11, 1934

SHADOWS

Last night the moon beams pierced the rain clouds
through,
The dancing leaves were shadowed on my wall.
Rain drops and wind made midnight music there
And bravely danced each leaf, though hastening to its
fall.

The old year now was passing in the rain;
Methought I saw his shadow come and go.
His form seemed stooped, his face was drawn with pain,
Heavy his aged eyes with human woe.

Slow lifted he his ancient shadowed head,
Slow raised his face, now lightened by a smile,
In his last moment, with majestic grace,
He blessed the new born child.

The Mill Valley (Calif.) Record. *Margo.*
"The Rhymster's Corner." January 5, 1934.

MY CHRISTMAS PRESENT

It was Christmas Eve at our house
And the tree was all aglow;
My little boy sat on my knee
And his voice was hushed and low.
I kissed the little sleepy lad
Then tucked him into bed;
A moonbeam through the window stole
And touched his curly head.
His blue eyes looked up into mine
Then with a coaxing smile
“Mother it’s Christmas Eve,” he said,
“So stay with me awhile.”
And what he said to me was this
“I’d like a trumpet and drum
But if I wake tomorrow morn
To find Santa hasn’t come,
I’ll know the reason for it, dear
And you’ll see that I’ll not cry
‘Cause I’ll know he left my presents
To a poorer boy than I.”
Then when he slept, I left him
And tears of joy I shed,
For I knew that everything I craved
Was wrapped up in that bed.

The Mill Valley (Calif.) Record.
December 14, 1934.

M. R.

MEDITATION

To lie awake at night and gaze at the stars,
To know oneself as innocent as a child,
To be beyond love and hate, the pair of opposites—
To be attached by neither,
A consummation long wished for come at last,
To hear the Inner Voice say,
“It is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the King-
dom”
Is to have the peace that passeth understanding.
The Mill Valley (Calif.) Record. *Joan Woodward.*
June 8, 1934.

STUPIDITY

Buzzing and booming, a bumble bee
Beat his head 'gainst the window pane.
His freedom but two short inches away,
The freedom he could not gain.
I tried to help. The more angrily
He buzzed, so my efforts were vain.

I wonder if, when I fret and fume
I am just like the bumble bee.
The freedom I crave may be close at hand
But the way I will not see,
Nor will I learn to be still and know
That help is waiting for me.

The Mill Valley (Calif.) Record. *Margo.*
"The Rhymster's Corner." June 1, 1934.

OCTOBER

Gypsy-maid, October, doesn't love the town,
She wears a cockade of gay leaves instead of a hood.
In her red and yellow-patched, ragged, green gown,
October, nut-brown gypsy-maid, dances in the wood.

Raggle-taggle gypsy-maid dancing in the wood,
When I gave my smile to you, my foolish heart went,
too;
You're lovelier than summer in your patched gown and
hood—
October, nut-brown gypsy-maid, I'm in love with you.

The Mill Valley (Calif.) Record. *Addie M. Proctor.*
October 2, 1934.

THE WEDDING OF THE BUTTERFLIES

Did you hear of the butterflies' wedding?
The Church was a lily, all beauteous and white,
The pulpit its stamen, so stately and bright,
The pastor a solemn and portly old bee,
Who bumbled and mumbled his droned liturgy.

The canopy was of rich butterflies' wings,
More gorgeous of color than furnished for Kings.
The ushers were humming birds, swift and so arch,
The birds from their belfry sang th' wedding-day
march.

The moths and the millers held back in dismay,
And jealousy watched the sweet bridal array.
The bumble-bee pastor to pulpit then flew,
And put the short questions. They nodded, "I do."
The crickets chirped gay 'neath the garden festoon,
To speed the young twain on their brief honeymoon,
To flutter their message of sunbeams and grace,
With gossamer raiment of rare bridal lace.
Away they flew rhythmic, with wings e'er outspread-
ing—
And now you have heard of the butterflies' wedding.

Herman A. Heydt.

The New Canaan (Conn.) Advertiser.

COSMIC WINDOWS

It is very close night.
The black curtains of shadow have almost been drawn.
I glance into the western sky
And see there faint blue lights
Above the mountain
Through the columns of dusk in the wood.
They are all
That are left of the radiance
Of the setting orbs of day.
For me,
They are pale dream windows
That look out upon the world beyond reality
Causing my mind to echo
With transcendental thoughts.
Through them I see
Beauty, rapture, the eternal processes,
God.

*The Nevada State Journal. William Sheppard Sparks.
"Poetic Nevadans." March, 1934.*

CINQUAIN

Rainbows,
songs and laughter,
are royal panoplies
that hide the dripping pain of life
below.

The Nevada State Journal. *Bertha Raffetto.*
"Poetic Nevadans." August 6, 1934.

NAUGHTY EYES

When naughty eyes meet naughty eyes
There's always mischief brewing;
Then why, I ask you, feign surprise?
It's anyone's undoing!

The Nevada State Journal. *Desia Delrai.*
"Poetic Nevadans." July 25, 1934.

WHEN SCHOOL BEGINS

When school begins more than one mother stands,
With aching heart, beside her cottage door,
And though she smiles and gaily waves her hands
To youngsters trudging off to school once more,
She sighs to think how fast the children grow—
'Twas only yesterday they scattered toys
About the floor while toddling to and fro,
And now, they are such sturdy girls and boys!

When school begins some mother's wistful smile
Speeds sons and daughter on their carefree way,
To join the happy students' rank and file,
And seldom do they know how parents pray
That, first of all, their children quickly learn
The paths of Right and Duty to discern.

The Nevada State Journal. *Josephine Eather.*
"Poetic Nevadans." September 29, 1934.

THANKFUL

Thankful? Dear God, I'm thankful for the blue arch of
the sky,
For the starlit night, and the white moonlight, and the
gray clouds scudding by.
Thankful? Dear God, I'm thankful for the sun that
marks the day,
For the wind and rain, and the ripening grain, and the
Winter's ermine way.
Thankful? Dear God, I'm thankful for the years with
blessings rife.
For a man's strong arm, and a baby's charm, and the
friends that fill my life.
Thankful? Dear God, I'm thankful today and every day
For my home and land, and Thy guiding hand, and
Thy rest at close of day.

The Newark (N. J.) News.
November 28, 1934.

Erene Angleman.

FAME

Deep-notched upon a redwood's giant bark
I saw two large initials sharply traced,
Where one "E. L." had made a lettered mark
That storms and seasons had not quite effaced.

His name I never learned; nor could the tree
Recount what man had marred it long ago,
Yet something of his spirit seemed to be
Carved on the wood for all the world to know.

And this I read: that once a wanderer came
Who drew a penknife in a Vandal mood,
And left his proud, enduring bid for fame:
A fool's initials in the solitude!

The New York American.
October 6, 1934.

Stanton A. Coblentz.

SPEEDBOAT

Bucking broncho of the water
 Toss your mane of spray,
Carry us across the harbor
 Into dying day.

Let your motor rouse the sunset
 Stamp the bay to rage,
Shatter silence with your hoof-beats.
 Calm belongs to age.

Face the breeze with bold defiance,
 Wind is good to feel;
Race the gulls and hurdle currents,
 Youth is at the wheel!

The New York American. *Gertrude Ryder Bennett.*
May 26, 1934.

BARGAIN-HUNTER

My purse is lean,
I will confess,
But I would shop
For loveliness.

God, what have you
Within your store
A thrifty maid
Can bargain for?

A sunset would
Be very nice—
But I will never
Have the price.

So many things
I cannot buy—
A last year's moon
Would be too high.

Have you a star—
One, second-hand?
A dash of gilt
Would make it grand.

I want a dream
That I can keep . . .
Something beautiful—
And cheap . . .

The New York Sun.
April, 1934.

Marguerite E. Hoffman.

MOONLIT BACKYARD

I stepped into my backyard—and I found,
As moonlight fingered it to mystery—
It looked as if it had been sunk and drowned
Deep on the floor of some translucent sea.
At first what seemed a tin can gleamed near by:
It was a fish's opalescent eye.
A pole was like a mast that wavered bare;
Clothes-line was rigging of a schooner there;
While an apartment, looming opposite,
Was a Leviathan, just now brought low;
The portholes of its windows still were lit,
But, one by one, the water drowned the glow . . .
Till, all its voyaging forever done,
The foundered liner lay for tides to plunder,
Its hulk at last moored to oblivion
Of all the water it was sunken under.

The New York Times.
December 28, 1934.

Louis Ginsberg.

LITANIES TO STEEL

Against an opalescent northern sky
At early evening, furnace-stacks are gray
Toned into violet. Smoke mounting high
Like incense darkening a holiday,
Is blue, blended to make a symphony
In gray. Derrick and dome and Bessemer
Are softened into shapes of mystery
Where silhouettes and black horizon blur.

Yet not for pagan gods with sound of drum
And cymbal, do these clouds of smoke ascend:
The throb of dynamos; incessant hum
Of engines; roar of hurricanes that rend
The universe while sight and hearing reel
Offer machine-age litanies to steel.

The New York Times.
October 30, 1934.

Louise Crenshaw Ray.

WEATHER EYE

He lives around among his relatives,
Blood-kin to more than half the villagers,
And uncle to the others, who have sailed
Small wooden craft of cedar, deftly carved
By his gnarled hands. He once made sturdy kites
For lads who now are Farndale's business men.
He sits in Summer on the hotel porch
And prophesies the local weathercast,
Then reads THE TIMES to see how near the press
Has come to it; his wrinkled, leathered face
Scowls disapprovingly when their report
Conflicts with his. He mutters sorrowfully:
"You'd think the Government would hit it right
Once in a coon's age, but for all of their
Newfangled science they can't seem to tell
One season from another. But I guess
You can't expect the younger men to know
Whether it's going to turn out sun or snow!"

The New York Times.
June 6, 1934.

Billy B. Cooper.

OLD DOG AUTUMN

Old dog Autumn is in my heart,
A lazy fellow with lop ears.
All Summer long he has dozed apart,
But now he stretches, and now he peers.

Old dog Autumn with gold brown coat,
And nose of velvet and big paws;
With deep eyes, and with handsome throat;
And with tongue as pink as the fruit of haws.

He tells me that quail are covied close
In the sweetgum hedgerows beyond the hill.
He gets to his feet, and he lifts his nose
To catch the scent as a good dog will.

He tells me that frost has cut the sedge.
He tells me the air is crisp and fine.
He says that the mind has a knife-keen edge
And that fields are as ruddy as ripe old wine.

The New York Times.

Thomas Caldecot Chubb.

OLD HOUSES

Old houses are such friendly things!
Deep set in spacious plots of green,
With drowsy haunts and murmurings.

Grey moss and creeping ivy clings
To them—as they rest, smug, serene—
Old houses are such friendly things!

Their walks have latticed trellisings
Of drooping vines, that form a screen;
With drowsy haunts and murmurings.

Each hedge is crowned with scatterings
Of brilliant flowers that grow between,
Old houses are such friendly things!

A wild bird in the maple sings
A pean to the vespertine
With drowsy haunts and murmurings.

While the fast fading sunlight swings
Around, and slanting shadows lean,
Old houses are such friendly things!
With drowsy haunts and murmurings.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. *E. Lisette Herrling.*
"The Other Fellow." November 19, 1934.

IF I COULD DO IT OVER

If I could do it over,
My greatest aim would be, in youth,
To get the gold in moral values
And garner in the fields of truth.

If I could do it over,
I'd save myself the sin that mars
The soul, or weakens noble effort
And hinders flight among the stars.

If I could do it over,
I would not spend life getting more
Of gold, I'd rather set my course and
Survey a distant unknown shore.

If I could do it over,
I'd spend more time in quest of God,
I'd seek a way of high endeavor
And walk some path where martyrs trod.

*The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. John Courtland Elkins.
"Poet's Corner." January, 1934.*

ALONE BESIDE THE SEA

A maid stands poised beside the sea,
Is not aware of seaweed on the sand
Curled and dressed in olive green
Out-breathing salt, stale salt,
Over the land.

The salt wind blows—
Ripples the sea!
Ripples the land!
The waves break!
The waves beat
At her feet.
She does not comprehend!

She stands alone
Watching the sea, the salt sea
Merge in the sky.

Her eyes are hot, her lips are dry.
Surcease from grief is what she craves,
The sea has claimed the one she loves.

Joy from her merry heart has fled,
Her love is dead—
Sleeps in the sea, the salt sea.
Its pallid, cold and wrinkled face
Veiled in shimmering misty lace
Smiles over him.
Its fluffy, snow-white, curling hair
Is wind-blown! In despair
Covers him.

She stands alone
Beside the sea, the salt sea,
And listens to its endless moan—
Moan for the dead.

*The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. Stella Flowers Hastings.
“Poet’s Corner.” March 18, 1934.*

PROTEST FOR MOTHER’S DAY

Dear child, your sweet gifts embarrass me—
You, who did not ask for breath to be
Have, already, by merely living;
Wrought the mysterious gift of giving.

Dear, there is no mother except the One,
It is nothing, I alone have done;
Let me hold your hand a little longer
Until your feet are surer, stronger.

It is I, that should the gifts dispense,
As the wise men did of old;
Gold and myrrh and frankincense
Were for the Child, so we are told.

This thing only do I ask,
And may it prove not much a task,
I hope you have what it takes
To forgive your mother’s mistakes.

*The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. Grace Graham Minard.
“The Other Fellow.” May 11, 1934.*

THE WILLOW

The willow bends in supple grace
 Its slender twigs to earth,
Its drooping branches shade the place
 Where children romp in mirth.
They seek the cooling shadows where
 It tempers sun, so mild,
It is not a weeping willow,
 It bends to please a child.

The willow bending o'er the brook
 Creates a shady spot
Where speckled trout may safely hide
 (Though mortals like it not).
A whispering breeze goes dancing by
 In litesome, rustling mirth
The willow droops—'tis weeping not—
 It bends to kiss the earth.

And lovers strolling through the wood
 The willow tree like best.
It makes for them a sylvan bower
 Where in sweet bliss, they rest,
'Tis where they pledge their lover's vows,
 Where sylvan gods will bless.
It is not a weeping willow,
 It bends but to caress.

The wood-bird builds its cozy nest
 In willow's sheltering bough
The fairies play at hide and seek.
 Pan lists its gentle sough.
Aeolian harp and woodland lute
 Are held, a willing thrall.
It is not a weeping willow,
 It bends to shelter all.

*The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. Cora Louise Armor.
"The Other Fellow." June 22, 1934.*

CREEDS

I feel that I could not accept
Religion that would deem inept
Another's creed or pious views
That he in greatest faith would choose.

For who are we to dare condemn
Religious thought of other men,
Believing, toiling, striving to
Instil their best in all they do?

Do we not all look high above
For understanding, guidance, love?
What matter, then, which road we trod
When everyone will lead to God?

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. *Oryel K. Stone.*

MEASURES

What are the measures when the minds are one,
One in the searching for things ungained?
There is a solace in deeds undone
If but the urge in the soul has reigned.
Well may we meet and see and hear
Sensing in each what we would have known,
Parting and trusting—for doubt and fear
Are foreign to dreams that we guard alone.
So, what does it matter if paths may lead
One in the sunlight, one in the shade,
One for the moment exults in a deed—
Or one through the long night sorrowed and prayed?
Sing to the courage, the great God bestowing,
The joy and the zest that comes in the knowing!

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. *Addison B. Schuster.*
"The Other Fellow." June 12, 1934.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE SPIDER

She hung her shawl of cobweb lace
Between the rose and columbine;
The spangled patterns of misty dew
Were woven in threads of crystalline;
A gossamer nymph came floating past
Airily swaying her rain-drop boat
The Spider was angry and glared "O dear"
Her cobweb lace she stole for a coat.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. *Colleen Aslin.*
March 1, 1934.

THE PICTURE STAYS

Black was the night; the trees drew near
To watch the great logs, burning clear,—
And there before the firelight
Cross-legged she sat, so small and slight.

Near drew the trees, the night grew late.
She sang of War and tragic fate.
Though child-like frail she seemed to be,
World tragedy she made us see.

Black was the night, the fire red.
She ceased—'twas still. No word was said.
The picture stayed. The trees spoke low,
"Never again! for War must go."

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. Rosalie Childs.
"The Other Fellow." June 20, 1934.

HOME AND YOU

Home, dear,—and you, are the words made of magic?
What power imbues them to give such delight?
Why—merely the thought, and the present has vanished;
Forgotten despair and the darkness of night.

Home, dear,—and you, oh we fortunate beings
With homes and with dear ones to welcome us there.
What matter though distance and time comes between us,
Who love and are loved, and have memories to share?

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. Elna Forsell Pawson.
January 21, 1934.

YOU MAY HAVE THE GOLD SUN-COINS

Little waves,
With sun-filled faces,
Why do you come running
In from play
And then go dashing
Off again?
Have you no mother?
Have you no father?

Who puts you to bed
And kisses you good night?

Little waves
What is that you whisper?
Oh,
You are gypsy sons and gypsy maids,
Singing and dancing,
And holding high your tambourines
To catch gold coins
The sun tosses down.
Little waves,
With sun-filled faces,
When you come running
In from play
Tomorrow
Come singing and dancing
For I will have my violin
To be your gypsy violinist,
And you may have the gold sun-coins
For I will be satisfied
To be your gypsy friend.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. *Leonard Cooper.*
June 28, 1934.

YOUTH IS NEVER UGLY

Where I heard cacaphonic orison,
So steeped in revery now is the wood,
So like a thing in dream, was it my mood,
The tree-squirrels loosed mad chatter in the dawn?

The swelling, bursting notes that woke the day:
Quick, soaring glorias, climbing the sky
Like flames, were from youth's throat, his high defi
To the swift hours to take beauty away.

Youth is never ugly; beauty is youth
With shining face; as straight as a slim spire
It breasts with blood and fire, its desire,
For youth is sinewed, strong and without ruth.

Now as I come into the twilit lull,
I whisper sadly, "youth is beautiful."

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. *Alex R. Schmidt.*

WEEPING WILLOW TREES

Weeping Willow trees
Are peaceful trees,
Like old men with long beards
Dreaming in the sun;
Old men at rest
With all their labor done;
Men who held life close
And found it good,
Who have not only dreamed
But practiced brotherhood;
Men who have met sorrow
And accepted loss,
Yet garnered from the years
More of its laughter
Than its tears;
Whose hearts have held no room
For bitterness;
Weavers who have never let
The thread of gold
Slip from the loom.

They sway,
These weeping willow trees,
In graceful acquiescence
To the breeze,
And through their curtained coolness
Birds come and go
Upon their singing way;
And sheep have made
A rendezvous with drowsiness
Within their mottled shade.
There is no sadness
In weeping willow trees
Only a quiet gladness.
They stand so tranquil
In the sun
Like kindly old men
With all their labor done—
My father—he is one of these.
Weeping willow trees
Are peaceful trees.

*The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. Nell Griffith Wilson.
March 28, 1934.*

HURRICANE

The sea stood up on his hind legs, and fell on us.
Rain, like a swarm of stilettos, impaled us.
The wind, a thousand hounds unleashed,
Tore madly, with fangs adrip, through a night of beau-
tiful terror.

But the little white house stood firm,
And the little wife, a little whiter, faced the morning,
When, to shame us for our gallant dream of rescue,
The hounds crawled into their lairs,
The knives, shattered, formed pools of blue reflection,
And the sea crept back to his bed and dozed.

Only the broken chestnut sapling fence,
Cracked into kindling,
And the wind-riven vines and the char-brown bushes
And the yellowed grass,
Remembered there had passed this way
A warning of the frailty of life,
Of the imminence of eternity.

*The Ontario (Calif.) Herald. . . Benjamin Musser.
“Warp and Woof.” October 18, 1934.*

PORTRAIT OF LIFE

Closing the door of seventeen,
And opening the door of fear,
Tremulant, aglow and clean,
She called the venture dear.

Closing the door of ignorance,
And opening the door of flame,
Heart and mind and soul's expanse,
Gave her a fuller name.

Closing the door of revelry,
And opening the door of gain,
Fearful, praying, wanting three,
She wedded love and pain.

Closing the door of eighty-two,
And opening the door of night,
While younger eyes were veiled with rue,
Hers held a radiant light.

The Ontario (Calif.) Herald. Joseph Joel Keith.
"Warp and Woof." October 18, 1934.

MARIE DRESSLER

1872—1934

She isn't on the set today;
But moving softly through the scene,
Are figures that have come to stay—
The characters she limned so keen
They form the coronating green
Of plaited laurel, and will claim
One more from Thalia's demesne
To place within the Hall of Fame.

An honest understanding lay
Beneath her humor, whittled clean
Of artifice; in every play
The gamut of her wit was seen,
With pathos threaded in between;
Such art is reason to proclaim
That humor has no greater dean
To place within the Hall of Fame.

Her stardom sanctioned no decay
Of effort; neither would she lean
On reputation; and display
Was foreign to her modest mien;
Nor could thin adulation wean
Her from old friends, who now acclaim
Her worth, for which they intervene
To place within the Hall of Fame.

Dear Patrons of the stage and screen,
Of all the actors you might name,
Has Comedy a greater queen
To place within the Hall of Fame?

The Ontario (Calif.) Herald. Lydia Kingsway.
"Warp and Woof." October 18, 1934.

EPITAPH

Do not carve on stone or wood
"He was honest." or "He was good."
Write in smoke on a vagrant breeze
Seven words . . . and the words are these,
Telling all that a volume could,
"He lived, he laughed . . . and he understood."

The Ontario (Calif.) Herald. *Don Blanding.*
"Warp and Woof." February 12, 1934.

PUPPETS

We make our empty gestures
In a funny awkward way
While Fate directs our actions
In the roles she has us play.

We go through foolish antics
When she pulls upon the strings
With most of us as bondsmen
And a few of us as kings.

The Ontario (Calif.) Herald. *Josephine C. Pluth.*
"Warp and Woof." October 18, 1934.

THE CHINESE BOWL

With frozen pride, and stony heart,
She set about her task—
Sorting his things and hers apart,
Meticulous as even he could ask.

Chill rain with dismal fingers played
A dirge upon the pane:
To her it was the wailing shade
Of Hymen, by their cold estrangement slain.

"I'll take this vase—here is his cane—"
A dull glint made her stop; . . .
She paled, and seemed to stand again
Beside him in a certain dingy shop.

She saw dim Eastern hangings, reeking
Of incense; and her soul
Was flayed to find her chilled hand seeking
For his . . .

Sobbing, she hugged a carved brass bowl!

The Ontario (Calif.) Herald. Winnie Lynch Rockett.
“Warp and Woof.” April 18, 1934.

THE BINDLE STIFF

It has been a long day since the darkness and the morn-ing,
With the low clouds driving and the rain that beat like
snow;
With gray clouds looming through the mist that clung
and held them,
And the dim valley flowing like a river down below.

Through the cold thin rain all the long lines of willows
Drooped across the marshes like dejected men who wait;
And the blackbirds’ silver singing shivered cold on the
morning—
The blackbird’s a brave bird when singing to his mate!

A blackbird’s a gay bird when once the sun is shining,
Swinging on the willows with a song that’s silver clear.
But who can be gay with a rain that’s coldly slanting;
Who can sing his silver best with winter hovering near!

So all down the morning I went crunching on the
gravel,
Dripping down the wet ties that stretched across the
way;
Crunch after crunch, with feet that slipped and
stumbled,
Slipping there and cursing as I stumbled down the day.

For who is a tramp that he should be dreaming?
And who is a tramp that he should be warm?
What is a tramp but a drunken, dirty loafer—
Not a soul to miss him if he comes to any harm.

Sees the smoke slow rising from the ranch house chimney;
Feels the fire glowing behind the close-shut door.
Knows the laughing children and the warm smiles of women—
Sees them as he knew them, long and long before.

What's the use of dreaming—and what's the use of thinking?
Tramping down the right of way between the gleaming rails—
You made your bed, now you're the one to keep it,
Dreaming of a ranch house when you're more used to jails!

Remember that jail in the town away back yonder,
Crowded to the doors with a crew of hobo men;
All drunken men, with only one cold sober—
Screaming there, and singing, and sobbing now and then.

Remember the stench—Oh, drunken men are beastly!
With the filth on the floor, and the dirty, crawling walls—
A small-town jail is hell in the making;
It's hell twice over when a drunken hobo bawls.

Asking for a job, and getting sneers and curses—
Who'd trust a hobo behind a team and plow!
What if he asks about his meals and place for sleeping—
“A tramp won't work, and he's dirty anyhow!”

But it's different in harvest time when men are scarce for working;
It's then, “D'ye want a job, Jack, with cash pay and board?”
It's a hand on your shoulder, and a voice full of pleading—
The hobo is a man until the crop is in and stored.

I've worked in the Dakotas when the wheat was threshing.
I've tramped the dusty strawpile until my eyes were black as coal.

I've pitched the heavy bundles as the salty sweat was
streaming
And the sky that hung above us was a hellish brazen
bowl.

I've bent in the long vineyards that stretch across the
valleys,
Row after row along the steaming San Joaquin;
Down around Lodi, and all the way to Stockton—
There's many a weary backache in the hot miles be-
tween.

But when the harvest's over and the hard rain falling,
Then it's, "Move on, boys, or the county jail for you!"
It's bundle on your shoulder and the long road south-
ward—

A hobo is a hobo when the hard job's through!

The Ontario (Calif.) Herald. Harry Noyes Pratt.
"Warp and Woof." March 15, 1934.

FIGHT

Fight for yourself and your honor,
Fight for your family and God;
Fight for your rights and your neighbors;
As long as you stand above sod.

Peace is a myth for the aged;
Peace is a myth for the ill;
Peace is quite well for some moments;
It never should stagnate the will.

If we are tired of fighting,
If we're too weary to try,
Then we are done with existence—
Then we are ready to die.

Hide, if you like, the spirit,
Call it the zest of the game;
Call it but righteous interest—
But fight on and on just the same.

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. Emelda Deshaires.
"Talespins." August 28, 1934.

BAUBLES AND JEWEL

In ocean bed the lustrous pearl
In clouds the sparkling dew;
In desert land a lone, wild rose
. In memory there is—You.

Perish the pearl in a regal crown,
To earth fall drops of dew;
Withers the rose in a crystal vase
But memory blooms anew.

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. *Marie Capnick.*
“Talespins.” January 16, 1934.

LINEAGE

They say I have Aunt Orpha's chin,
And hair the same as mother's;
My actions are just like my dad's,
My temper like my brother's.

I'm told I have Aunt Mary's eyes,
And great-grandmother's nose . . .
It gives me much to think about,
And I find no repose.

My great-great-great-grand parents
Number sixty-four;
And back one generation
Are twice as many more.

When I began to figure up
The branches on my tree,
I found I had a forest full
Of worthy ancestry.

The thing that worries me is this:
I frequently recall
That I'm so much like ancestors
I'm not like me at all.

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. *Harriet Mills McKay.*
“Talespins.” January 24, 1934.

HOPE

A mockingbird comes every morn
Beside my window in the thorn,
And sings a happy roundelay
That lingers in my ears all day.

—A happy song, yet there appears
At moments what a flood of tears!
As though a heart were sad.
And yet a peaceful song and glad
From angels in celestial spheres!

I only hope the smiles I give,
The songs I sing throughout the years
May just as eloquently live
In someone's eyes,
Or linger in another's ears!

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. *Vernon L. Smith.*
“Talespins.” October 16, 1934.

TO THE SUN

I did not know that the leaves were falling;
I had not noticed that Fall was near;
I did not hear birds of passage calling,
As long as you were here.

Dark night shuts down over broken flowers,
Hot lids droop low over weary eyes.
Black shadows cover the brilliant hours
That filled the sunset skies.

When Dawn returns to my garden flinging
Her wreaths of crimson and gold and blue,
I shall not see what her hands are bringing
Until she brings you too.

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. *Helene Claiborne.*
“Talespins.” October 4, 1934.

THE UNKNOWN QUANTITY

When I was a wee girl, years ago,
Studying my reading with head bent low
Over a ragged and dog-eared book,
I used to hear the algebra class reciting,
Talking of mysterious and exciting
Things such as "the unknown quantity."
"The Unknown Quantity!" How it fired
My imagination! And when at length
I plucked up courage to ask what it meant,
My brother only laughed and tousled my head,
And my sister drew me close and said:
"Don't puzzle your small head—you're a funny
Little duck!" But the years have swiftly flown
And that puzzled little girl is grown—
And through experience I have learned
That far as my pocketbook's concerned
The unknown quantity is—Money!

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. Mary Farrell Dickinson.
"Talespins." August 2, 1934.

MOSAIC

Loving words are precious gems sound and fit
To grace a chest for saving memories.
A skilled mechanic makes of them a frieze,
Or fashions recollections bit by bit;—
I've gathered all the kindly things you said
And made a jewel box of rare design;
I pack therein remembrances, enshrine
Your sweet remarks on which my hunger fed.

And like good violins that use amends,
So gain our reminiscences, my dear.
With every retrospect their worth ascends.
Your words, your smiles as polished gems appear
And form mosaics fashioned part with part
That leave a lifting sense to rule the heart.

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. Jack Greenberg.
"Talespins." July 31, 1934.

POPULARITY

Popularity! Singularity!
Strive for front-page name;
Put on a stunt spectacular,
And so win loud acclaim.

Popularity! Jocularity!
Be lauded to the skies;
Seek country wide publicity,
Your name immortalize.

Popularity! Prodigality!
Thrust modesty aside;
Your praise on everybody's lips,
Now swell up with pride.

Popularity! Personality!
It all sounds very nice;
But when you get the blatant thing
Is it really worth the price?

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. *Grenville Kleiser.*
"Talespins." January 12, 1934.

FLAME

I may not speak your name nor talk of you,
Nor let my eyes betray the thoughts I hold,
And so we keep our secret rendezvous,
Deceive the world with faces blankly cold.

And yet beneath my outward calm, my dear,
There burns inside a throbbing, pulsing flame
That leaps in dancing shadows when you're near,
Or when, perchance, another calls your name.

I watch you here, and am content the while,
To read a world of meaning in your smile.

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. *Catherine E. Berry.*
"Talespins." August 21, 1934.

AN OLD MAN'S TOAST

I know my generation—
Almost to a thought.
Let me enjoy the company
Of youngsters untaught.

For theirs is plain philosophy
Unburdened with fear;
Like something I once tried to keep
When life was bright and cheer.

I drink a toast to youngsters
Undaunted at birth—
To brave and sweet simplicity—
The salt of the earth!

The Pasadena (Calif.) Post. *Jean Rasey.*
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena."
December 9, 1934.

WHEN I HAVE TIME

How favored seems that future date;
A phantom, bringing rest sublime,
Whose luring promise bids me wait,
My task achieve—when I have time.

When I have time! Oh, bells ring clear,
With heartening music in your chime;
Content, I then could banish fear,
My task achieve—when I have time.

When I have time? When will that be?
Can reason answer, or can rhyme?
The chords ring minor notes for me;
My task achieve—when I have time.

Time is my own, to use or waste;
It loudly calls, no pantomime.
I'll not delay, I gladly haste.
My task achieve while I have time.

The Pasadena (Calif.) Post. *Kate K. Church.*
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena."
November 18, 1934.

TWO ROADS

I watch the winding pack train
Go past my cabin door—
The patient, plodding burros
That carry down the ore
From the mine high on the mountain
To the railroad's level floor.

Each day I see them trudging
With awkward, heavy load
Unmindful of the cruel sting
Of whip or stone or goad
To urge them down the mountain
On that steep and rocky road.

And as I watch them passing
There comes into my mind
Another Burden carried
By another of their kind
Along a winding sacred road
That green palm branches lined.

*The Pasadena (Calif.) Post. Emma Christine Roomer.
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena."*
April 1, 1934

HOSPITALITY

You shared your home and food throughout this year
With faithful, trusted friend you hold most dear,
What guest had you who was not kith nor kin?
"I was a stranger and ye took Me in."

The law of hospitality is old
It may Life's fullest, richest gift unfold.
As unknown guest you may an angel win
"I was a stranger and ye took Me in."

A stranger? Lonely? In a happy land?
With none to greet you or give welcome hand?
Invite such to your home, this day begin,
"I was a stranger and ye took Me in."

*The Pasadena (Calif.) Post. Mary Catherine Judd.
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena."*
November 26, 1934.

THE HUMMING BIRD

A darting, pulsing, lovely thing,
A living flash, a whir of wing,
A thought too swift for halting word;
I catch the music of your flight
That holds me breathless with delight—
And then you're gone—elusive bird.

The Pasadena (Calif.) Post. *Clara Miller Krag.*
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena."
January 7, 1934.

THE LASH OF FATE

Two little fishes from the spawn emerge
To swim down to the ocean where they teem
Buoyed on with others of their school. They gleam
In iridescent sunshine, as they splurge,
To dash and rush, unconscious of the scourge
That drives them to the sea. Free though they seem,
The baby salmon do not go up stream
Nor feel the lash of fate's relentless urge.

Yet they swim on and on, nor can return
Until they reach the sea. Mature, they cast
About and head up-river where they mate
Scourged on by whips of destiny they burn,
Leap waterfalls, only to die at last
Creating life. They have fulfilled their fate.

The Paterson (N. J.) Call. *Marie Tello Phillips.*
"Noteworthy Poems for Your Album."
August, 16, 1934.

COURAGE

Does it really matter, I wonder,
When the road seems dark and drear,
And things that are only shadows
Would fill our lives with fear,
And we find in the strength of a friendship
New faith that would make us strong.
Does it really matter, I wonder,
When the voice may have lost its song?

Does it really matter, I wonder,
The hurts of a weary day.
Those mean little things of the moment,
Lips that we love may say,
When perhaps with nerves on tension
Come words that we all regret,
Does it really matter, I wonder,
When it seems just best to forget?

Does it really matter, I wonder,
When some jealous mind would plot
Things that they hope might hurt us,
When we feel that such things should not.
When you walk a way that takes courage
As the proper thing to do,
Then nothing on earth shall matter
For God walks that road with you!

The Philadelphia Inquirer.
April 19, 1934.

Charles Bancroft.

RESOLUTION

Let me forgive as you forgave,
When on the cross you hung,
And from your lips in agony
Those tender words were wrung.

Down through the ages they have come
Thoughts from your lips divine,
Helping to lift the weight of woe,
God deemed that should be mine.

Help me in confidence to hold
Thy hand when things seem dark,
And with compassion heal the wound
Imbedded in my heart.

The gift of life you freely gave
A gift that I might live.
Enrich my service here I pray,
And teach me to forgive.

The Philadelphia Inquirer. *Mary Allendar Kuehn.*

IRONY

She was a beauty of an earlier day,
Provoking, sweet, with lovers by the score,
And he a poet, poor and plain and gray,
To whom she tossed a smile and nothing more.

Long since they both were gathered into dust,
And yet the fragrance of her beauty lives,
Not in the hearts to whom she gave her trust,
But in the joy his poem on her gives.

The Portland (Ore.) Oregonian. *Charlotte Becker.*
"Oregonian Verse." November 18, 1934.

SHE PLAITED HER HAIR

They seemed to come
Without a sound;
She heard no footfall
On the ground—

They were looking in—
And she was alone,
Tending the meal
On her hearthstone.

She stood up straight
In her linsey dress;
She saw they meant
No friendliness—

Young braves painted
Ochre and red
Desired a woman,
Living, not dead—

And suddenly
She saw in their hands
Flambeaux of pitch.
They placed the brands

Around the cabin
To drive her forth.

East, west and south,
But the door was north.

She did not move;
The flames were quick—
Through the cabin walls
She watched them lick

Like hungry tongues
Along the floor—
They were waiting for her
To flee the door—

Dark would come soon.
She sat in a chair,
She took a comb
And combed her hair.

She plaited her hair
As for night's repose;
She gave no cry . . .
The quick flames rose.

The Portland (Ore.) Oregonian. *Laura Miller.*
“Oregonian Verse.” September 30, 1934.

MILL STREAM

This is my journey's end, for here is peace
And heavenly seclusion. I dare not dream
Of beauty greater than this mountain stream
Bequeaths along its way. A whimsical caprice
Restrains the sparkling waters and they cease
Their flow mid-channel while they splash and gleam
Upon a mossy wheel. Swift currents seem
To spend themselves in clouds of flying fleece,
Or loiter playfully from stone to stone.
I cross the rustic bridge and lift the latch,
For I have heard this ancient watermill
Ensnared the river's spirit for its own,
And underneath the weathered roof of thatch
Its restless, rushing heart is never still.

The Portland (Ore.) Oregonian. *Shirley Dillon Waite.*
“Oregonian Verse.” November 4, 1934.

PROSPECTOR

He panned the Powder and Burnt river slope;
He looked for ledges through the lonely, silent years—
Nuggets he knew were near. His hope
Withstood the cowman and the crag rat jeers.
He fed on dough-gods of peculiar make
And locked them from the trade rats of the night.
The ground hog, porcupine and snake
Accepted him in his own right.
Sadly he scanned his pan for yellow grains . . .
And panned the more . . . and pounded quartz.
Bearded he died, and bent, amid his wasted pains.
The little hawk wheels high, the scaly lizard sports
Above his mound, and languid whirlwinds play
Where brown and lonely hills stretch far away.

The Portland (Ore.) Oregonian. *Paul F. Tracy.*
"Oregonian Verse." August 5, 1934.

VIA CRUCIS

And each bears his own agony, I read;
And, reading, thought on him who but today
In sackcloth and in ashes for the dead
Assumes a place with those who plod the Way
Of Grief; hearts bleeding; feet stonebruised . . . oh,
 there
Is company enough on that highroad,
Each bent beneath a cross, were one aware
And not so numbed, so burdened by a load.
Each bears his agony . . . I pondered how
Golgotha were too terrible unless
Its route were paralleled by happiness—
An aureole for every thorn-pierced brow
An ecstasy for every tear that flows,
For every blood drop in the dust a rose.

The Portland (Ore.) Oregonian. *Ethel Romig Fuller.*

SACRIFICE

It is easy martyrdom, to die for those we love,
But to live and endure for endless years,
Sacrificial throes, fierce as a tortures tears,
Demands a fortitude, higher than human strength or
praise,
Yearning, seeking, praying through endless days,
Through life's darkness, with hands that helplessly
grope,
Living in the beat of a heart, incapable of remorse, or
hope.
Allured by no future mirage, frightened by no shadow
of the past,
Wondering in bewilderment, why happiness was too
much to ask.
Smiling at the thought of death's open shears,
That will clip the tangled threads of tedious years,
Counting all the gain, that is the sacrificial goal,
When the prison of clay, releases the soul.

Mary Francine Watson.

The Raleigh (N. C.) News and Observer.

MY CITY OF DREAMS

I've dreamed of a *beautiful* city,
A city with tree-lined street
Where sun-beams sift down through the branches
Making patches of gold at your feet.
Where streets are lost in the hollow,
Or climb to meet the sky;
Where days drift into the evenings
And long cool shadows lie.

I've dreamed of a *peaceful* city,
Far away from the mad world's din,
Where people live in harmony,
And strife need not enter in.
Where the stranger is given a welcome
With handclasp that comes from the heart,
And kindly words which make you feel
Of their beautiful city you're part.

I've dreamed of a *restful* city,
Where life goes not by so fast,
Where people have not forgot how to smile,

Where you learn to forget the past.
Where a tired soul may find surcease
From life's stagings:—When in the distance there
gleams,
Lighted mansions: To reach them, I must cross a river!
Can this be my City of Dreams?

The Roswell (N. M.) Record. Julia Daingerfield Glass.

LIFE ETERNAL

I first met her on the Midway,
Not so many years ago.
She was love and light and laughter
And her cheeks were all aglow.
Fellers hangin' all around her,
Front and back and on both sides,
Trying who could buy her hot-dogs
Or take her on the "rides."
There was music in her laughter.
There was sunshine in her hair.
All in all she seemed symbolic,
Of the Spirit of the Fair.

* * * *

I just met her on the Midway,
Just beyond the soft-drink stand.
On her hip there rode a youngster
While another held her hand;
And a bashful little feller.
With his face all smeared with dirt,
Kept a dodgin' 'round behind her,
And a pullin' on her skirt.
She looked tired and wan an' peaked
But occasionally I'd see
Just a flash—a trace—a glimmer
Of the girl that used to be.
So I sez, "Hello there Nancy!
Now it ruther seems to me
Thar's a different crowd around you
Than the crowd that used ter be."
And she sez, "Hello, Lem Haskins,
No—You ain't got none I see.
Well I'd rather be a brood mare,
Than a blasted butt'nut tree!"*

* Blasted means struck by lightning; old, gaunt, dead, fruitless.

She'd her hands full so I kissed her
(Nothing wrong, I'd have you know
Just I'd bought her lots of hot dogs
In the days of long ago).

Then she sez, "Don't look so mournful,
Nor start in to pity me.
Ain't so purty as I once was
But I'm happy—Yes I be!
Look there now an' see my oldest—
By that show tent over there—
He went in and throwed that 'rassler
An' he throwed him fair and square.
And look that' jest see young Nancy.
In the chair-ride. Be ye blind?
Don't you see my curls a wavin'
An' a streamin' out behind?

"Tommy's face is awful dirty
But look clean down to the bottum.
Can't you see my red cheeks shinin'?
Gosh! I'm tickled that he's got 'em.
Why! Lem I can't express it;
But somehow it's mos' divine.
Just to think I'll go on livin'
In this little crowd of mine.
Just to think that Here and After
Always, Ever, I can feel
Blood that's mine is circulatin'
On a Midway Ferris wheel."

Nancy's words they put me thinkin'
And untwisted me inside
Brought me almost to admittin'
Things I always had denied.
'Twan't no preacher nor no sermon
It was only what she said
And her plan for go'n on livin'
Ever after she was dead.
I won't say I'm clean converted
But I've sure commenced to lean
—When they preach of Life Eternal
Now I'll know just what they mean.

The Rutland (Vt.) Herald. *Mark Whalon.*
"Peregrinations." September 22, 1934.

HER VALENTINE

Her valentine of hearts and lace,
Forget-me-nots and cherub face;
The words "I love you" done in gold,
A valentine full threescore old!
Her patchwork now is wet with tears:
"No valentine for sixty years!"
No valentine? Now think a while—
The work-stained hands, the cheery smile;
The wood box that he fills each night
To keep her kitchen warm and bright;
The lilac planted by the gate,
The Sharon rose that blossoms late,

The new step for the cellar stair—
She need no longer stumble there.
The green sod on the little mound,
Where sleeping peacefully and sound,
Their first-born unforgotten lies,
He hallows it with tender sighs.
With valentines her life's run o'er!
What woman's heart could ask for more?
His service—more than words could say—
Gives valentines from day to day.
She needs no letters done in gold;
His deeds speak messages untold.

The Rutland (Vt.) Herald.
"Peregrinations."

Emma H. Greene.

OLD FASHIONED

Out in the old-fashioned garden,
Sits grandma with cheeks all aglow;
Sweet william with pansies and bluebells
And hollyhocks all in a row:

Moss roses with four-o'-clocks peeping,
Tall sunflowers lighting the gloom,
Bright marigolds, dahlias and larkspur
And scarlet poppies in bloom.

Here in the old-fashioned garden,
The old-fashioned flowers still grow,

That flourished in grandmother's garden
Bright happy days long ago.

Honey bees drone in the sunshine;
The cricket is chirping close by;
With grandma sits three-colored Tabby
Intent on a gay butterfly.

Above in the sweet scented lilacs
Sing robins and bob-o-links gay;
At her feet the faithful old collie
Snoozes the long hours away.

There in her old wooden rocker—
So dainty in 'kerchief and cap—
Her golden hair turning to silver
Sits Grandmother taking a nap.

Asleep in the old-fashioned rocker
With visions of sweet long ago;
Out in the old-fashioned garden
Where old-fashioned blossoms blow.

The Rutland (Vt.) Herald.
"Peregrinations."

Rose L. Holden.

COVERED BRIDGE

Some part of life becomes oblivion;
Something whose roots lie deep within the heart
Of simple folk is lost, as one by one
These pioneers of other days depart.
Only the country folk, whose careless tread
Endears a dusty road, can ever know
The peaceful, clattering joy of rude planks spread
Above a drowsy creek that gleams below.

Here was a refuge from the sudden showers
That swept like moving music field and wood,
And here cool, tunneled dark when sultry hours
Danced with white feet beyond the bridge's hood,
Yet there are soulless men whose hand and brain
Tear down what time will never give again.

The Rutland (Vt.) Herald. *Anderson M. Scruggs.*
"Peregrinations."

WANTING LITTLE

Life, for Ellen Hicks
Had not been easy
She'd married Thomas when she was eighteen.
He'd taken her to his farm
The night they were married
In her parents' parlor.
Thomas' mother was living then
And her motto had always been
That life was meant for work.
In twelve years Ellen bore five children.
She cared for Thomas' mother in her last days.
As her children grew up, one by one
They left the farm.
To each one she gave her blessing
And some things to help them
Set up housekeeping in their new home.
Her days were spent in cooking
And tending to the milk,
And looking after the chickens.
At night there was always mending to do.
Through it all she was always cheery.
She had little for herself
But she always had time for others.
When a neighbor fell sick
She was the first one to help.
She was shelling peas on the front porch.
The Minister had come up to call
And she never thought it was right
To let her hands be idle
Even for the Minister.
“Mrs. Hicks, you seem to be
About the most contented person I know.”
She looked at him, surprised.
“Wal, why shouldn't I be.
I've hed everything I want.”
He thought of the few things she did have
That most people thought needful.
She continued:
“I figger most folks can have all they want
If they learn t' want little enough.”
She went on shelling her peas.

TO A NEW-FOUND FRIEND

I shall remember when the summer sun
Points a long shadow finger to the east
That on an evening such as this we spun
The warp of friendship. Strangers at the feast
Of gayety were we, and as we two
Spoke pleasantly of noncommittal things
Some word you said unlocked a door, and you
Unveiled the treasure life too seldom brings.

Oh who am I that I should be endowed
With this rich comradeship which you bestow.
One in a year's parade, one in a crowd,
And yet I have been privileged to know
That lovely inner you, and so to see
The door of friendship open wide for me.

The Salt Lake Tribune.
December 9, 1934.

Edith Cherrington.

SQUATTER'S RIGHT

I wish that I could penetrate the mists
That shroud this piece of acre we call home—
Back in a blurred antiquity
What others claimed it?
What man, or was it only beast,
Loved it for his own?
What fight was fought, what love won,
What child in lonely travail born
Upon this spot where now we calmly sit
And let the secret-storied dirt
Course through our fingers?
What human dust, long-vanquished,
Has this ancient soil absorbed?

That little tree, there by its irrigation ditch,
Accepts it lightly, too.
The two of us, the tree and I, wisely and dully,
Think of our squatter's right,
As though it were a claim eternal.

The Salt Lake Tribune.
March 25, 1934.

Elizabeth Birmingham.

HUNTING SEASON

It is better, they say, to die by the sudden shot,
O proud wild buck, with the regal antlered head,
Than to range the mountain forest wrapped in snow,
 Searching for food where the grasses are withered and
 dead.
You and your kind, brown deer, have been too joyous,
 Loved too abandonedly, there on the canyon's rim;
So man, the lord of the forest, takes compassion
 And shoots you down to furnish a dinner for him.
Would you not rather this, than to feel your blood
 (Your young hot blood) slackening in your veins,
With hunger within your vitals dulling your joy
 In the fierce delights, so that only sleep remains?
You will not suffer, after that startled moment
 Of desperate terror, of harrowing distress.
How can you know your freedom has gone forever?
 I, only, know that captured bitterness.

The Salt Lake Tribune.
November 4, 1934.

Maud Chegwidden.

MOTHER

Silver hair, furrowed brow
Wrinkled so gently;
Faded lips chanting a vesper for me.
Sunny smile, laughing eyes
Angels have lent thee;
Soft arms that guarded me once on your knee!

Drooping form, worn hands,
Footsteps that thrilled me,
Spent in my service in days that are gone.
Mellow notes, crooning voice,
Visions that filled me,
Wafted to sleep on the wings of your song.

Thoughtlessly, heedlessly,
Memories spurning,
Have I denied all the debt that I owe.
Silently, tearfully
I am returning,
All of my wealth at your worn feet to throw!

White flower, sweet flower,
Emblem of purity;
Red flower, living flame, emblem of love,
Bring her my tribute
Of deepest sincerity,
Begging a blessing for her from above.

The Salt Lake Tribune.
May 13, 1934.

Orlando Rigoni.

PICTURE FOR MEMORY

This picture I'll treasure: An autumn sky of gray,
Heavy with sullen promises of early snow;
A row of naked trees; chrysanthemums' warm glow;
Dark silhouetted hills; the hush of end of day;
A lake, a leaden sheet on which no ripples play;
Under the pregnant sky, wedged legions flying low
Along a chartless course, wild geese, a living bow
Of myriad segments, winging a destined way.

A boy stands gazing, face upturned, young eyes alight,
Enraptured by the pageantry of southern flight,
First sensing in the vibrant murmur of the air
The Mystery that guides the wild geese flying there.
Ever I'll see his face, radiant, as the whole
Vision of God's enfolding love dawned in his soul.

The Salt Lake Tribune.
September 23, 1934.

Helen C. Coucher.

LIGHT A STAR!

Oh, Mary, Mary mother! when all the glad and gay
Are merry at their Christmas, I want to kneel and say
A prayer for little lost souls, who cannot dance or play.

A prayer for all the barren, like bare trees without leaves;
For all the dreams unwanted, that cling about the eaves;
For one who's bitter-hearted and sits alone and grieves.

Oh, Mary, Mary mother! It's right that we be glad;
But light a little star tonight for him who may be sad!

The San Francisco Call-Bulletin. Anna Blake Mezquida.
December 24, 1934.

CONTENTMENT

There is little that I shall climb—
The garden-path in the summer time,
A winding road thru a wood in fall,
A stairway, or a low-set wall;
No gangplank slanting to decks of ships
But a walk that slopes to meet your lips.
I shall leave mountains for restless feet
To climb . . . Life is so dear, so sweet.

The Seattle (Wash.) Star.
“Stardust.” September 1, 1934.

Helen Mating.

GLORY ROAD

On the garden steps
Forward and back,
A snail has traced
His shiny track.

Nothing to look for,
Nothing to say,
All that he left us
His silvery-way.

Poems of star-dust,
Butterfly wings,
Bloom of grapes,
Evanescence things.

All that a poet
Saw or heard,
Snared and held
In an amber word.

When a poet goes
And never comes back,
All that he leaves
Is his shining track.

The Seattle (Wash.) Star. *Jean Crosse Hansen.*
“Seattle Stardust.” May 5, 1934.

PARADOX

I have seen a whisper spun
Spiderweb-like in the sun;
I have heard a laughter grieve
Like water dripping from an eave;
I have known a Gipsy song
Weave a spell a whole night long—
But I never knew the feel
Of harsh words could be so real.

The Seattle (Wash.) Star. *Pearl Logan Woodbridge.*
“*Stardust.*” May 26, 1934.

THE LILAC BLOOM

This fragrant bounty that I hold
Is worth much more to me than gold.
But too ephemeral in time—
So quick to fade, for such sublime
Beauty. Could I hold them long,
My heart itself would burst with song.
Could I breathe in their ecstasy
For always, it would frighten me—
The human heart can dream and break
So easily for beauty’s sake.

The Seattle (Wash.) Star. *Helen Maring.*
“*Stardust.*” April, 28, 1934.

RENDEZVOUS

I have a rendezvous where you may come
Alone with me and rest your eager eyes
On tranquil valleys, where the purple veil
Of twilight stretches mist across the skies.

You shall see daylight patterns fade and go,
And fleecy isles will stroke the star’s soft light,
And dim the clear outline of hills, and wane
Into the silent, secret wells of night.

The Seattle (Wash.) Star. *Gladys Rowena Wilson.*
“*Stardust.*” October 13, 1934.

NOSTALGIA

With slackened pace the hours now drag along
That once too swiftly moved by magic wing
Till autumn seemed to merge with merry spring
Rounding the seasons into one sweet song.
In this gray town, with its indifferent throng,
My lute grows faint, its notes have lost their ring;
O empty days; beneath these skies that bring
No carol lifting faith to keep it strong.

* * * *

The sun that shines upon me here now shines
On you, but there is something missing—gone;
And darkening shadows consort with the noon;
Yet tho I grieve my longing heart divines
God's wisdom that my presence was withdrawn
To walk apart before the waning moon.

The Seattle (Wash.) Star. *Ella Jean Ballentine.*
“Seattle Stardust.” May 5, 1934.

TO ELIZABETH

You're miles and miles away, dear one,
Yet oft I feel you near,
Sharing the happiness I find
In things we both hold dear.

Sometimes it is a book you share;
Sometimes, at eventide,
When the robin sings his twilight song,
We listen, side by side.

Today, I stooped to smell a rose
I'd longed for you to see;
Just then you came so very near:—
You kissed the rose—and me.

Am I not often with you, there?
We're miles apart, I know;
But distance does not matter when
Friends love each other so.

The Spectator.
August 18, 1934.

Orra E. Abbott.

THE RED-WING BLACKBIRD

A charcoal meteor flecked with fire
Falls from a sun-hazed blue,
Like a melody dropped by a heavenly choir,
It sways on the reeds by the slough.

Flutters and sways and cheerily sings
A gay little roundelay;
Then with a flash of joy-touched wings
It whistles a blithe good-day.

Questing off to a field of wheat,
Like a dipping tri-colored flag,
Where hungry hordes of its fellows meet,
Making the light grain sag.

Then darting back, like a musical note,
It hops about on the fence,
Writing a tune to pour from its throat
In rapturous eloquence.

The Spectator.
May 26, 1934.

Lulu Piper Aiken.

UNDAUNTED EVERGREENS

The evergreens stand proudly, now,
When all the other trees are bare,
As bravely bright as if 'twere spring,
Instead of winter, everywhere;

They are like Norsemen, viking-bold,
Who breast the bitter northern gale,
With cheeks unblanched and hearts unbowed,
Where frailer men would shrink and fail;

See, in the midst of trees that stand
Dismayed by winter's buffeting,
They laugh a challenge to the storm,
And sing triumphantly of spring

The Spectator.
January 6, 1934.

Mary Jane Carr.

FIFTY

(Before)

With busy hands and pounding heart
To rush and rush—For what?
The end of rushing.

(After)

With twitching hands and seething heart
To sit and wait—For what?
The end of waiting.

(Finale)

With folded hands and quiet heart
To come at last—To what?
The end of knowing.

Susan Stinchfield Williams.

The Springfield (Mass.) Union and Republican.
“Poet’s Corner.” January 7, 1934.

ON BREAKING A WISHBONE

For money, money do I wish,
For things of need, for food in dish;
For money used the rightful way
Makes living happier every day.

And so I wish for it, I do,
With sense to spend it wisely too.

The Springfield (Mass.) Union and Republican.
Florence Van Fleet Lyman.

MASKERS

We are not now so young the mode dictates
That we must worship flippancy, or lose
All caste if we rank not sophisticates.
At least we can refuse

To go on dressing for an act that's stale,
And put away such childish tricks as pose.
This life's too short to feign a stupid tale
Outside our joys and woes.

I long to tell you freely all my thought.
And plan that simply you and I shall share
All that the years within our souls have wrought
Of beauty or despair.

Wearied by long reticence, we will
For once and all speak heart to heart and mind
To mind, and each the other's need fulfill.
For this love was designed.

And yet, I know that I will don my mask,
You yours, the while we fence with jest and wit,
And hide our thoughts behind that dreary task,
And there's no help for it.

The Tampe (Fla.) Tribune. Woods Dargan.
"The Gulf Gleam." September 15, 1934.

WOLVES OVER EUROPE

The wolfpack's cry is heard across the earth,
Mixed with a troubled wind's incessant blow;
And fearful sheep are huddled row on row
(Down in the valleys stricken of spring mirth)
Foreseeing gaunt and hopeless days of dearth,
Far worse than winter's numbing ice and snow,
Days when the wolfpack, fanged with ruthless woe,
Will rush upon them from the forest's girth . . .

No surety now of calm, protective peace.
(The wolfpack's cry is drawing near and nearer),
No haven left to hide each crowding fleece.
(The wolfpack's cry is snarling clear and clearer).
Can time uncoil its springs of helpful fate,
Before the world succumbs to savage hate?

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. George Kayton.
"The Gulf Gleam." August 25, 1934.

MANGROVE BLOSSOMS

There the mangrove buds are bursting;
Here my heart is crying, thirsting
 For the satisfying sea.
 Seeking for the shimmering and sympathetic sea.
There can never be forgetting
Of a golden sun seen setting
 In a blue infinity,
 Sinking in a crimson, rose and blue infinity.

With my heart's incessant burning
I must swiftly be returning
 Where the coco palm trees sway,
 Hastening to watch the palms and casuarinas sway.
No more now of distant dreaming—
I must find the mangroves gleaming
 By the bayou, by the bay,
 Glinting greenly in the sunshine, bordering the bay.

I am leaving, realizing
I must meet the mountains rising
 Skyward on the Spanish Main,
 Lifting to the tradewind clouds along the Spanish
 Main,
Where the palm leaves slowly waving
Languorously are engraving
 Images upon my brain,
 Printing lasting memories on my receptive brain.

Ah, the bitterness of being,
Living, dying, never seeing
 Breakers on a coral reef,
 Surging ocean billows crashing on a coral reef!
Almond trees and mangroves bending
Over burning sand, extending
 Purple shadows and relief,
 Sending shadows yielding to a fevered soul relief.

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. *Philip E. Barney.*
"The Gulf Stream." March 25, 1934.

THE DANCER

The tawdry splendor and garish light
Of theatre marked the opening night—
In boxes and semi-circle seated,
We were the incredulous, the defeated:
We did not know.

But we were certain,
When unseen forces parted the curtain . . .
The lights grew dim . . . the music low
With a pagan harmony struck from the bow,
That through the murk stark Beauty—centered
From timeless time—as a dancer, entered.

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. *Edith Fulton.*
“*The Gulf Gleam.*” September 8, 1934.

SONG OF A GYPSY GIRL

The rings in my ears are brass
And they tinkle a merry lay.
My feet scarce touch the grass,
So swift and light are they.

The firelight glows in my hair
And the stars gleam high above,
While a sweet, wild Romany air
Thrills my throat like a fluttering dove.
And my voice is as clear
As the birdlet's near,
When I sing to my gypsy love.

Oh he is flung at my feet,
With his brown head on my knee.
His eyes and his lips are sweet
As he turns his face to me.
And my lips are parched for the wine of his kiss
With a thirst that can never cease.
Then he cradles me warm
In his steely arm
And I am at peace—at peace.

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. *Ruth Payne Bomford.*
“*The Gulf Gleam.*” July 26, 1934.

IF

If, one day, you unlatched my wooden gate
And walked the cobbled pathway to my door,
I would invite you in, perhaps would pour
A cup of tea for you and fetch a plate
Of sugar cakes. We both would hesitate
To break the silence years had dusted o'er
Our hearts . . . at last, would part as friends, no more,
When we had noticed that the hour was late.

But, dear, if you should come the garden way
And find me kneeling 'mid the fragrant flow'rs,
My heart would beat with swift-remembered hours
And there would be no need for words that day—
No need for sugar cookies, talk, and tea—
My heart would beat for you, your heart for me.

*The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. Mary Elizabeth Deap.
"The Gulf Gleam." November 19, 1934.*

FINAL REQUEST

When I am scattered shadowings of dust,
A bit of lea your lyric sandals tread,
An echo of a sudden Autumn thrust
Of rain on twilight's walls—when I am dead,
If you should care to bandy with my name,
My thoughts, the secrets of my heart and soul,
Write that I loved the leaping passion-flame
Of sundown on a quiet ocean's roll;
Write that I loved an ancient harbor's face,
Its weathered mouth, the memories in its eyes,
Its grey arms' longing reach; oh, never place
A single sentence saying I was wise
Or learned: Write instead that I loved ships
And dusk and dawn upon a still sea's lips.

*The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. Russel St. Claire Smith.
"The Gulf Gleam." June 16, 1934.*

FIRE-FISHING ON A SOUTHERN BAYOU

Over murky waters near the shore
A fragile skiff glides stealthily,
Fiery serpents darting on before
Its prow . . . Against the glow I see
Two figures: One with trident halfway raised
To spear the sleeping fish—They call
It “gigging.”—The other sculled and idly gazed
Beyond the flaming path, his tall
Form bared and gleaming bronze in the dull light—
A comely Charon in a Stygian night.

*The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. Martha Lyman Shillito.
“The Gulf Gleam.” May 30, 1934.*

PERSPECTIVE

Could I project my vision into space
And look, from peaks of time, on our “today;”
Discern the features of this era’s face;
Oh, then my heart would know what thing to say.

But man-made gems of beauty charm my sight;
New feats and marvels call on every hand—
I go as one before a mighty light,
Half-dazed by music of a thunderous band.

Another’s glass shall run the sands I tread.
A thousand years from now these days will gleam,
With here and there a name, above our dead,
As cameos upon a poet’s dream.

*The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. Fan C. Smith.
“The Gulf Gleam.” October 20, 1934.*

WHITE BOUQUET

A white bouquet
In a white swan bowl!
A white bouquet
For a wee, white soul!

Spider lillies, with essence rare
Lifting above white leadwort fair,
Are ghostly flowers,
Or a fragile dream
That petal-folds
A white sunbeam.

I offer the gods a white bouquet,
White as the little one gone away . . .

A white bouquet
In a white swan bowl!
A white bouquet
For a wee, white soul!

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. Ruby Pearl Patterson.
"The Gulf Gleam." August 14, 1934.

CANADIAN SUMMER IDYLL

High it was and cool, too,
With a peep of Heaven gleaming through
An over-roof of woven trees—
And the drowsing hum of freighted bees;
A tiny thrush's poignant call
Vied with the drip of a water-fall,
A perfectly obvious thing, one might say
But, sufficient enough I remember, today,
A charming idyll—I do not discuss;
But . . . Youth was there . . . and the two of us.

Florence Ralston Werum.
The Toronto (Canada) Globe.
August 30, 1934.

PORTRAITS

From antiquity's mists I see you look down,
(For the shadow-box frame still holds its own)
Your thirsty old eyes under thin-crusted frown
Puritanical Forebear, show defeats you have known.
This petulant power now burning in me,
This defied caution is yours long suppressed;
Your bound up passions I fight endlessly,
Your hidden jealousies, my fierce unrest.

Oh, virtuous ancestor, piously prim,
Staunchly correct, you innocuous dead,
Your seething at last has broken its rim,
Your blue blood in me flows crimsonly red.
Your record of merit, oh, saint undefiled,
Is proving the ruin of your one hundredth child.

Jean Steele Marlatt.
The Walnut Creek (Calif.) Courier Journal.

A ROVER'S SONG

“Listen to me—I’ll sing you a song,”
Said a rover home from sea:
“So help me do, I’ll sing it through,
Then we’ll have a treat on me—
We’ll have a treat on me, my lads—
We’ll have a treat on me.

“There are strange women in the deep,
And they rise upon the waves.
They slash their tails in living gales,
And lure sailors to their graves—
Lure sailors to their graves, my lads—
Lure sailors to their graves.

“And they dress their long black tresses,
With the vanity of vamps,
All sailor men’s the same to them,
Board the clippers or the tramps—
The clippers or the tramps, my lads—
The clippers or the tramps.

“It bewilders one to listen,
To their singing on the sea.
But what is more, the girls ashore,
Are the only ones for me—
The only ones for me, my lads—
The only ones for me.

“Those sirens have never charmed me,
With their frolics and their sports.

I'm never alone, away from home,
For I've wives in all the ports—
I've wives in all the ports, my lads—
I've wives in all the ports.

"And my many wives are faithful,
Every one of them is true.
I love them all in ports of call,
So the ones I have 'ill do—
The ones I have 'ill do, my lads—
The ones I have 'ill do.

"So I'm in no mood for mermaids,
Since the wives I have are true.
I never wish for lady fish,
They're too cold and wet and blue—
Too cold and wet and blue, my lads—
Too cold and wet and blue."

The Wasp News-Letter. *William Anderson.*
"The Poets' Corner." July 7, 1934.

A DREAM

'Tis strange that I should dream of you again,
So many years have passed since you were here,
And strange that in my dreams I felt no pain,
No pain at meeting one I once held dear.

We stood in lilac garden, so I dreamed,
Two lovers swearing never more to part,
You held me in your arms, and oh it seemed
The old love once more filled my aching heart.

I gazed into your eyes where lovelight beamed,
I well remember every word you spoke—
Dear God, 'tis cruel to dream as I have dreamed,
Would you had called me to you ere I woke.

The Wasp News-Letter *Gertrude Schroder.*
"The Poets' Corner." November 10, 1934.

LIFE'S LESSON

The foolish grab wildly
When Fate shows a prize,
But others ask coldly:
"What shall be the price?"

For well they had learned
The lesson Life taught,
That none of Fate's favors
Are ever for naught;

That none of her prizes
Can be had free,
The cheaper they seem,
The costlier they'll be.

The Wasp News-Letter. *Gisela K. Ney.*
"The Poets' Corner." November 24, 1934.

SINS OF OMISSION

I have no fear of death, but this I fear—
That I, in negligence, miss doing here,
Through pain of living, some small act of love
That would remembered be across my bier.
Haunting me now, I should be conscious of
The unaccomplished deed when up above,
And if a spirit grieves within that sphere,
I should be wistful as a moaning dove.

For all regret I know is massed in this:—
Some beauty touched with nothing to declare;
A blow I might have softened with a kiss;
A laugh defeated with a stony stare;
A gift withheld that might have carried bliss;
A hidden grief I thoughtlessly laid bare.

The Wasp News-Letter. *Eve Brazier.*
"The Poets' Corner." May 19, 1934.

FRISCO BAY

The phantom ferries come and go
Like captive shadows gray and brown
The pulse of Frisco Bay is slow.

Dim forms of sunset birds follow
The seaborne winds to ports unknown
The phantom ferries come and go.

The sun has died, but blooms alow
Huge cotton blossoms overblown.
The pulse of Frisco Bay is slow.

A miserecord the foghorns blow
And mistral fogs are swooping down.
The phantom ferries come and go.

The boatman swings the drawbridge low
And homeward travelers hurry down.
The pulse of Frisco Bay is slow.

The eastbay hills are all aglow
With beck'ning lights of Oakland town,
The phantom ferries come and go.
The pulse of Frisco Bay is slow.

The Wasp News-Letter. *Grace Severy McKnight.*
"The Poets' Corner." June 23, 1934.

THERE IS EVER IN MY HEART A DIVINE UNREST

There is ever in my breast
A divine unrest;
As if what is could not be
In eternity.
As if what is here and now
Apple tree and cherry bough
And lilac tree,
Blossom for a week or two
Red and white and purple hue,
Vanishing somehow.

To an apple there will cling
Havoc from an insect's sting
Housing worms inside.
So a soul may peril by
Loving things that quickly die,
Lust and greed and pride.
Over all are soaring wings
Angels of departed kings,
Choiring in the blue.
Often I have heard the beat
Of their wings in cold or heat,
All of which is true.
The part is much less than the whole,
My better part must be my soul,
And some day the call,
For a sweeter peace and rest
Deep within my breast.
And what is now hard to see
Then quite plain will be
As a mountain tall!

Anthony F. Klinkner.

The Waukon (Iowa) Republican and Standard.
August 1, 1934.

PLEA FOR AN OLD MILL

Let the loud hammers still their din
And spare these walls which they raze:
Soon it is time to gather in
The autumn wheat and the maize.

Horses that brought the grist to the mill
Will offer a fretful neigh
And take the roadway down this hill:
Stop the loud hammers to-day!

All of these rutted worn-out knolls
Have given their better soil:
All of these furrow-weary souls
Have given their best of toil.

This river has furnished power long
To revolve those giant stones;

If you break these walls you still a song
With glorious overtones.

Stop these wheels and you kill a thing
That is native as this rock;
You thwart the purpose of harvesting
When the ripe oats huddle in shock.

There may be fewer to haul in rye
Or weaker ones on the land
But let the noise of the hammers die—
Most grubbers will understand.

Spare this mill which the fathers built—
The sons of the old ones know
They must strew more seed on the rutted silt
When the fields are ready to sow.

They must keep the flume clean of drifting leaves
And keep the dam free of cracks;
The swallows must have their nests on the eaves—
The gray men come with full sacks.

The world is hungry; the world wants bread
And the strong plows cut through the clay;
The millstones always have seen men fed—
Take the loud hammers away!

Jay G. Sigmund.

The Waukon (Iowa) Republican and Standard.
October 24, 1934.

CHRISTMAS, 1934

W'all, it's Christmas, Uncle Joe,
An' the goose's in the pan,
Jist a little lighter than
He wuz a year ago.

So be thankfuller an' smile,
That it's no wusser than it is:
It's a principle uv biz
Jist to rid yerself uv bile.

Now's when smiles they pass fur par,
An' you want no slump below;
So you let yer neighbors know
Things can be better than they are.

Things's in an awful fix,
But they could uv bin much wuss
If you'd let yer thinker cuss
An' torn yer play house all to sticks.

So wake up, Uncle Joe, an' laff,
An' smell the gravy uv the goose;
Fur all the alfabets in use
A givin' jobs to more'n half

Uv all the people on the streets;
So lick yer chops an' git awake,
An' strengthen up, fur goodness sake,
Fur Uncle Sam hez brot yer eats.

So rub yer spine an' see 'f it's thar,
An' maybe amputate yer spleen;
An' ile up all the ol' machine
An' make 'er hum without a jar.

The childern's got thur stockins hung
Along the fireplace chimbly jam
'Spectin Santa jist to cram
'Em full uv goodies to the bung.

So you play Santa, do it right,
Jist onct agin, dear Uncle Joe,
An' bless the kiddies in a row
With Christmas gifts all shinin' bright.

Give each a picture of the One
Who came to earth in Bethlehem,
An' brought with Him a diadem
For each to wear when life is done.

The Wichita (Kans.) Plaindealer. Henry Coffin Fellow.

BETWEEN THE PAGES

Between my Bible pages
Are precious things and fair—
My find of four-leaf clovers
For luck now resting there.

And when I am low-hearted
I open Book and see
And read a verse beside them.
Courage then comes to me.

For luck I am a-needing
And help I want, and cheer
By Scripture and the legend
I find and hold it dear.

Florence Van Fleet Lyman.
The Williamsport (Pa.) Gazette and Bulletin.
October 25, 1934.

THE SUICIDE

They found him in a dingy room
An old man who had welcomed death,
Where flowing gas in heavy gloom
Had stilled the pulse and stopped the breath.

The coroner made his report
And left the legal paper signed,
How brief the phrasing of the court—
A suicide of unsound mind.

They did not read the slip of blue
That lay unnoticed on the floor;
“This firm regrets to say to you,
We do not need you any more.”

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun. *J. Horace Losh.*
“Attic Salt.” April 28, 1934.

A PRAYER

Not for great wealth
Nor for great fame,
Not for great wisdom
Or honored name,
I ask you, God;
But day by day,
Help me to find
My way about
In Peace of Mind,
I beg you, God.

*The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun. Alice Sutton McGeorge.
"Attic Salt." April 28, 1934.*

SCAPE-GOAT

In Leviticus there runs a story
How the goat on whom the dire lot fell,
Having all a nation's sins laid on him,
Was set free to wander off to hell.

June the twenty-eighth, in nineteen fourteen,
When a Serbian half-wit shot a Duke,
Wasted generations blazed with hatred,
Piled with sins no prophet dared rebuke.

Then came time to mobilize the scape-goats,
Millions needed such a load to bear;
On the backs of boys and slender striplings
Nations laid their sins and left them there.

They were scape-goats, driven into trenches—
Blood and murder in the wilderness—
Targets set to try some new explosive
Mangling flesh with greater horridness.

Always soldiers bear the crimes of Mammon;
Scape-goats, fallen on a bed of stone,
Hoping, praying, dying, to discover
What the sins were that they must atone.

*The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun. Clarence L. Peaslee.
"Attic Salt." February 24, 1934.*

CONFSSION

The year before last it was gentleman Jim
And we sang our songs together,
We hung our cares on a redbud limb
For it was summer weather.

And next came Ben with the smiling eyes
And the haunting lyrics sweet,
We laughed while the new moon rode the skies
And the wind blew over the wheat.

And which was the dearer, Ben or Jim?
Well truly I cannot say
For nothing on earth so soon grows dim
As the love of a summer day.

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun. *Helen McMahan.*
"Attic Salt." February 24, 1934.

SPINDRIFT

The leaves come down in a rain of gold
Whispering secrets centuries old.

Madly, gleefully, pointed and slim,
They follow the urge of a gipsy whim.

Over and under, and over again,
Blind and deaf to the year's "Amen."

Golden, crimson, green . . . they curl
Color on color, whirl on whirl . . .

Over and over, in madcap race,
To challenge death with a gallant grace.

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun. *Anne M. Robinson.*
"Attic Salt." February 6, 1934.

TO A NEW FRIEND

Someone like you I have wanted
Among those dear to me,
A kindly understanding friend
As I know you could be.

Someone who loves the butterflies
And thrills to sunset glow,
Someone who notes with keen delight
A cloud bank hanging low.

Someone who loves a bird's free note,
The soft green shades of Spring,
And knows a touch of reverence
As morning church bells ring.

Someone who seeing starlit skies,
Gives thanks to God anew;
Someone who wants a friend like me—
As much as I want YOU.

The Worthington (Ohio) News. *Mary Wise Watts.*

“ONLY THE BROKEN HEARTED”

Only the broken-hearted understand
The piteous prelude of the Easter story:
The crown of thorns, the wounded side and hand,
The hours upon the Cross, the end of glory.

Only the broken-hearted comprehend
The lonely Garden where the God-man grieves;
The burning kiss of foe that once was friend;
And Justice hanging high between two thieves.

But every shattered soul that has been healed
And lifted out of sorrow and of gloom
May understand the mystery revealed
There in the dawn-light of the empty Tomb.

And so they come on every Easter morn
Strong in the might of an unshaken trust
That Christ arisen is Faith, Hope, dreams reborn,
And life itself re-shaped from its own dust.

Thomas Randall Berkshire.
The Zanesville (Ohio) Times-Signal.
April 1, 1934.

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